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NOTE.

FOR permission to print the following highly interesting "Elegy," the Bacon Society, and all other men of letters, are indebted to the kindness of Dr. Georg. Cantor, of the Universities of Halle and Wittenberg.

The importance which is ascribed to this document (the first of a series to be presently published) may be judged from the fact that the first two copies sent to England were addressed, the one to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the other to Cardinal Vaughan, these being "the two highest spiritual dignitaries in England." The cause for this selection may be divined from the Elegy, or, if not, it may be found touched upon in the ensuing paper.

Dr. Cantor caused to be printed a pamphlet (to be had of Tausch und Grosse in Halle a. d. S.) containing (1) a short introduction; (2) the Latin Elegy; (3) a translation of the same; (4) a reprint of Dr. Rawley's "Short Life of Francis Bacon." This last we do not reproduce, because it is already so well known, being printed in Spedding's Standard Edition of Bacon's works.

It is considered desirable to publish the address delivered before a small Baconian circle on the occasion of the first reading of the Elegy, April 23rd, 1896.

The following paper is by no means intended to be taken as dogmatic or conclusive, but merely as suggestive, and in order to encourage further research. At present nothing is known to us concerning the history of the Elegy beyond that with which we are furnished by Dr. Cantor's "Introduction." We are, however, encouraged to hope that, before long, the "pedigree" of this paper, which is so anxiously enquired for, will be laid before the public. Meanwhile, as may be seen by the footnote on page 129, some errors have already been corrected. Better information, and a more satisfactory translation than the somewhat free version with which this paper concludes, are much to be desired; for a stereoscopic view is of great assistance in considering enigmatical questions.

Classical students who can contribute to the common stock of learning, or who are willing to aid in the elimination of errors, will by so doing confer a boon upon our Society, and indeed upon literature in general.

RESURRECTIO DIVI QUIRINI FRANCISCI BACONI
BARONIS DE VERULAM VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR many years I have in the hours of leisure granted me, given much study to the Life and Works of Francis Bacon, who in my eyes is one of the greatest geniuses of Christianity. By this I have become persuaded, that the opinion so ridiculed by most scholars, of Francis Bacon being the writer of the Shakespearian Dramas, is founded on truth; the means however, by which different persons have endeavoured to prove the fact, though sometimes good, have often been objectionable.

The proofs, I believe I have found, are purely historical, and I propose gradually to publish all the material in question I have at command.

After an edition of his "Confessio fidei" newly printed* I proceed by editing a Latin document, which appears to have been forgotten,—together with its translation into English. It is an elegiacal poem of forty distichs and bears the inscription "In Obitum Incomparabilis Francisci de Verulamio." The author was a young friend of Ben Jonson and the piece has appeared, as I shall prove, in the Collection of Lord Bacon's posthumous works left by his Chaplain Dr. William Rawley. Therein Francis Bacon is designated not only as the Creator of the Elisabethan Period, but indeed is addressed as Shakespeare; for "Quirinus" (found in the seventeenth distich) denotes clearly in English "Spear-Swinger" or "Shaker."

The short "Life of Francis Bacon" by the same Dr. Rawley has ever appeared to me as the most authentic, weighty and significant of all biographies, that ever have been ventured upon this unparalleled man. This therefore I add.

DR. PHIL. GEORGE CANTOR, *Mathematicus*,
University of Halle-Wittenberg, April 9, 1896.

* Max, Niemeyer, Halis Saxonum,

IN OBITUM
INCOMPARABILIS FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO.

1. Dum moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros
Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :
2. Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
Credimus et Samium desipuisse senem.
3. Scilicet hic miseris felix nequit esse Camenis
Nec se quam Musas plus amat iste suas.
4. At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit.
Ad caelum invitos traxit in astra pedes.
5. Ergone Phoebeias iacuisse putabimus artes ?
Atque herbas Clarii nil valuisse Dei ?
6. Phoebus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :
7. At Phoebum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camenis)
Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
8. Hinc dolor est; quod cum Phoebo Verulamius Heros
Maior erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
9. Vos tamen, o tantum manes atque umbra, Camenae
Et paene inferni pallida turba Jovis,
10. Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
(Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem) :
11. Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :
12. Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.
13. En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco Camenas
Et lacrimas, Helicon vix satis unus erit ;
14. Deucalioneis et qui non mersus in undis
Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
15. Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
Multa Pierias nutriit arte Deas.
16. Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo ;
17. Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini
Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
18. Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,
Diminuent huius saecula nulla decus.
19. Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris aestus
Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum,

20. Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
Dispulit et nubes alter Apollo tuas.
21. Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit;
22. Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.
23. Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in aevo
Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet;
24. Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phoebus,
Hic velut in media fulget Apollo die:
25. Hi veluti Tiphys tentarunt aequora primum,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
26. Pleiadas hic Hyadasque atque omnia sidera noscens,
Syrtis, atque tuos, improba Scylla, canes;
27. Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat aequore navem,
Certius et cursum nautica monstrat acus.
28. Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas;
Mortales illi, gignit at iste Deas.
29. Palmam ideo reliquis Magna Instauratio libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
30. Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
31. Sic Phoenix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Aesonis et rediit prima iuventa senis.
32. Instaurata suos et sic Verulamia muros
Iactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.
33. Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat?
34. Dum sic naturae leges arcanaque Regum,
Tanquam a secretis esset utrisque, canat;
35. Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos,
Connubio stabili iunxit utramque Rosam.
36. Atqui haec sunt nostris longe maiora Camenis,
Non haec infelix Granta, sed Aula sciat:
37. Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis
Ius habet in laudes (maxime Alumne) tuas.
38. Ius habet, ut maestos lacrimis exstingeret ignes,
Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.
39. At nostrae tibi nulla ferant encomia Musae,
Ipse canis, laudes et canis inde tuas.

40. Nos tamen et laudes, qua possumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.
-

TRANSLATION OF THE POEM.

BY EVA PITTARD.

1. Whilst in death the Hero of Verulam maketh our Muses such lament, moist'ning their eyes :
2. Believe must we alas, none after his fate may be happy ; believe must we too, the old sage one of Samos was unwise.
3. He we lament, cannot be happy whilst the Camoenae mourn ; for he loveth himself far less than his Muses.
4. But imperious Clotho constraining, the reluctant soul did force drawing the unwilling feet upward to the stars.
5. Must we then believe Phoebus' Art was impotent, and the herbs of Claros' God have lost their virtue ?
6. Phoebus was potent as ever, his herbs fell not short in their virtue. Doubt darst thou not, he hath ever his art and they their power.
7. But Phoebus fearing him King over Camoenes withheld from his rival, believe thou, the hand of his healing.
8. Hence is the pain ; while Verulam's Hero in all arts greater was, yet in this was he less.
9. Ye Oh ye Camoenes, but sorrowful phantoms, ye servers so pallid of Jovis Infernus.
10. If ye breathe still and be not a jest of my eyesight, though credit we scarce could outlive him ye faithful,
11. Should some Orpheus have called tho' ye back from the dead, and be that image no delusion of vision,
12. Learn now to chant lamentations, sad tears flowing innumerable fast from your eyes.
13. Flow they abundant ? Then by their tears know them Muses in truth ; Helicon's self would be drowned in their flood.
14. In Deucalion's waves when they yawned, Parnassus sank not oh wonder, yet vanish he now must in this flood of their tears.
15. Life have ye Deae Pieriae from him whom we mourn, the departed, who nourished ye richly with art.
16. Seeing the Pegasus arts fast holding no roots, withered like seed cast over the surface ;

17. He taught them to grow, as the shaft of Quirinus* once grew to a bay-tree.
18. For his teaching the Helicon Muses their growth, unending aeons can ne'er lessen his glory.
19. No longer this great heart could bear Oh Minerva, with its fire the contempt of thy wisdom.
20. His divine pen restore Thee, Thou injured, thy honours of yore dispelling thy clouds like another Apollo.
21. Dispelling too that darkness borne dumbly by blear eyed dark ages, generations so dismal of old.
22. Finding the new ways with this godlike acumen, seized he the clue of Gnosso's, giving for this one his own.
23. But too plainly the crowd of the sages of old, such translucence clear eyes have possessed not.
24. Those were as Phoebus fresh rising from morning horizon, he shone like Apollo at midday.
25. Those like Tiphys proved for the first time the ocean, their ship scarce leaving the shore ;
26. He knew the Pleiades, Hyades and all stars, knew too Syrtes and thy dogs terrible Scylla.
27. He knowing too what must be shunned and on what current to steer, him more safely doth guide the mariner's arrow.
28. Child's work of Muses bore they—he though perfection ; theirs was but mortal—his though divine.
29. "Magna Instauratio" took the palm o'er all, and then turned from him shamed the dreary sophisti.
30. In new vestment arrayed shineth Pallas, rising fresh freed from her armour of scales.
31. So too Phoenix new risen, looketh back on his dead sire the embers, thus returneth to Aeson the vigour of youth.
32. Verulam reborn gaineth new pride in her walls, and hopeth from him a return of past glory.
33. What effulgence is this more than mortal lighting his eyes, in singing of mysteries Royal.
34. Whilst he sings too of Nature's commands and the secrets of Kings, councillor trusted of both ;
35. Chanting too Henry the King-Priest, the Binder in bands indissoluble once and for ever the Roses.
36. This song of our praise is we fear us, too great for our Muses, this thou not Oh Granta Infelix shall learn, but Halls of the Palace.

* Spear-Swinger or -Shaker = Shakespeare.

37. Granta did give mother-breasts to these lips, then right hath she Thou Greatest to sing of thy praise.
38. Right hath she to quench the death-fires with tears and "e medio rogo" to plunder at will.
39. Our poor Muses however shall bring no weak encomiums, thyself art a singer chanting fulltoned thy praise.
40. With such art we have, still will we laud thee, if that too should fail us, let our pain be thy laud.

ELEGY "TO THE INCOMPARABLE FRANCIS OF VERULAM."

(A paper read to a private meeting of Members of the Bacon Society, as a preface to the first of a series of Baconian MSS. hitherto unpublished, now being edited by Dr. George Cantor.)

I HAVE hesitated whether first to read the paper which is the subject of our consideration to-day, or whether to preface it with some notes by way of argument and explanation; and I decide upon the latter plan, because, although some present need no such elucidations, and know nearly all that I have to say, there are others to whom these things are comparatively new and difficult. I therefore ask the patience of those who are too well informed to require preliminary observations, and trust that at the close they will offer suggestions and corrections.

First a few words as to the history of this curious and important document. It is briefly this: The original MS., which is a Latin Elegy "*to the Incomparable Francis of Verulam*," formed part of a collection of papers bequeathed to, and left behind by Dr. William Rawley, Bacon's private secretary and chaplain. Some of these precious papers were printed, and notably the short "Life" which is to be seen at the beginning of Bacon's scientific works, edited by James Spedding. That memoir was drawn up by Dr. Rawley, in 1657, thirty-one years after his master's death. "It is," says his able biographer, "next to Bacon's own writings, the most authentic evidence concerning him that we possess; for Rawley's connection with his master began early, and did not cease with his life. After Bacon's death, Rawley, who

had acted constantly as his literary secretary, was entrusted by the executors with the care and publication of his papers."

Truly it may be said, that the secretary held the key of all his master's secrets, and from the points in the "Life" which we find accentuated, and the points upon which there is silence, we are assured that the memoir could only be the work of one who knew as well what to reveal as what to suppress. Anything coming from such a source is worthy of the highest consideration.

Dr. George Cantor,* the happy possessor of the collection of MSS., of which the present Elegy is one, has obtained possession of the collection, and being fortunately no member of any secret society he is enabled to publish these documents, which have not been allowed to see the light for the last 270 years. Such a record of Francis Bacon as the one great poet of an age, could not have been published at a time when it was the sworn duty of his "Invisible Brotherhood" to aid in keeping him under a veil, "a concealed poet," as he called himself in a letter to Sir John Davies.

I am not sure how we should name that "Invisible Brotherhood." In Germany they seem to be called "Baconians," but in this country I find them to correspond to our highest grades of literary Freemasons, or perhaps *Rosicrucians*, or religious or Church Freemasons. At any rate, if Freemasons, they are quite superior to the present degree of the Royal Arch, the Porch of that Solomon's House which "Our Francis" was in process of erecting.

The whole drift of these elegiac verses is, as you will see, to enforce the pre-eminence of Francis of Verulam in two particulars:—(1) as a poet, like Orpheus reducing the world to harmony; healing its miseries and curing its diseases of the mind like Apollo. (2) as a theologian, uniting the severed bands of Roses, that is of the Reformed and Roman sections of the Christian Church; † mingling earth and heaven, or singing equally of the mysteries of divinity and the secrets of nature.

Now with regard to these two points, we should remember that Francis Bacon himself similarly connects Poesy with Divinity.

* Dr. G. Cantor has been for 27 years the appointed Professor of Mathematics, and doctor of Philosophy in the twin Universities of Halle a.d. Saale and Wittenberg. † See forward footnote to page 129.

There is in the *De Augmentis*, a break between the chapters, but not between the subjects. In the end of the eighth book he says :—

"Thus have I intended to employ myself in *tuning the harp of the muses, and reducing it to a perfect harmony*, that hereafter the strings may be touched by a better hand or a better quill. . . . Now let us come to that learning which the two former periods (*of Greece and Rome*) have not been so blessed to know, namely, *Sacred and Inspired Divinity*, the most noble Sabbath and port of all men's labours and peregrinations."*

He says again : "Poesy feigns acts and events *according to revealed providence*. . . . Poesy serveth and conferreth with magnanimity, morality, and to delectation, and *therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness*, because it doth raise and erect the mind, submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind."†

"Minding true things by what their mockeries be."‡

Bacon also defines Poesy as "Feigned History, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse," and assuredly although this definition has been held to apply chiefly to poetry and to the plays, it will be found equally applicable to the "*Feigned Histories*" which still pass for biographies or "Lives" of various authors, but which truly are records in shadow of the secret life of Francis Bacon.

"The use of this Feigned History hath been to give some satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it," and if indeed it were requisite or politic that our poet should be concealed, the nature of things demanded that, though concealed, he should not be forgotten. Feigned Histories admirably fulfil both these conditions.

Bacon divides poetry into narrative, representative, and allusive, and adds that as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments, at all times retaining "much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor examples so fit." But a further and contrary use of Parabolic Poetry is "*to retire and obscure*" knowledge which has to be secretly delivered, and it is with this that we are at present chiefly concerned.

* Spedding, Works, v. 109, 110. See iii. 344. † Works, iii. 344.

Let it be realised, once for all, that Bacon's method of delivering knowledge is *two-fold, ambiguous*. He was "a double-meaning prophesier," and had mastered the principle of so delivering knowledge that it should *reveal*, and at the same time *conceal*. When once this fact comes to be clearly understood, many impediments in the way of Baconian advancement will be removed. But those who approach these studies in a rigid scientific spirit, taking everything *au pied de la lettre*, insisting upon verbal and grammatical accuracy of interpretation, attempting logical arguments and scientific explanations with regard to quibbles or far-fetched allusions, may give up the chase. This mercurial spirit, this Proteus, *the poet who leads off by advocating the use of ambiguities, feigned chronicles, feigned lives, feigned histories, of hieroglyphics, fables and parables, and that it is as much a part of learning to be able to conceal as to reveal*—such an author as this will not be best or most easily understood by the most accurate and scientific student. Something else is needed, "*a nimbleness of mind to perceive analogies,*" and the sense of humour which "*could not pass by a jest.*"

The Elegy which we are about to study is written from beginning to end in the metaphorical, allegorical, ambiguous and quibbling language which Francis Bacon commended, and found so useful. It bristles with classical allusions, chiefly to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but also to Virgil, and without some slight knowledge of this kind it would be incomprehensible. The first point which must strike the most casual reader is the mention of the MUSES as chief mourners at the death of Francis of Verulam. We might have expected to find learning or philosophy taking precedence of poetry; but not so. Pallas appears as subordinate to the Muses, and to Apollo, to whom Francis Bacon is compared.

The grief of the Muses is so profound, their tears are so abundant that they threaten to swamp the Helicon itself. Deucalion's flood would have drowned the world, but it could not surmount the hill of the Muses,* so poetry escaped the general destruction.

Some lines in the Elegy seem to echo the saying put into the mouth of "Ben Jonson," (and by him impartially applied both to Bacon

* A fable which Bacon in the *Wisdom of the Ancients* connects with the "Renewal and Restoration of Things" as the Phoenix rises out of her own ashes.

and *Shakespeare*), to the effect that no works of the Ancients could compare with those of our incomparable poet. Ben Johson says :—

"*It is he who hath filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his time, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall ; wits grow downward and eloquence grows backward ; *so that he may be named*" (note *he*, not *they*, may be named) "and stand as the mark and acmé of our language."

This is in substance the same as in lines two and three of the Elegy. The Muses lament that *after his death* none of them can be happy. They and the would-be poets are told in depressing terms that they must "learn now to chant lamentations," though they, the Camænæ or Muses, are now "but sorrowful phantoms, pale servers of Jovis Infernus." Their songs may suit the lower regions, but are unworthy to be chanted in more elevated spheres.

Is it true, asks the Elegist, that the curative herbs of Apollo, the God of healing, those herbs which grew upon his hill Claros, could have lost their power of healing the diseases of the mind ? Surely not ; Phœbus Apollo, God of light and knowledge, was potent as ever, his herbs fell not short in their virtue. The great one of Verulam, greatest in all arts, was no less in this art of healing. Now whoever may be found to have penned this Elegy, it will at once be perceived how in all points it accords with the thoughts, fancies, and utterances of Francis Bacon himself. There is, he says, no disease of the soul but ignorance ; not ignorance of the arts and sciences only, but of the soul itself ; and when he speaks of medicine for the body, he immediately adds that he will "resume what he has said, ascending a little higher," and proceeds to apply the principles of cures for the body to the cure of the soul. Man's body, he says, "is of all substances the most extremely compounded,"*

"This foolish, compounded clay, man,"†

as Falstaff calls it. But "this variable composition of man's body hath made it "an instrument easy to distemper, and therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo, because the

* *Adv. L.* ii. Spedding, Works, p. 370, 371. † 2 *Hen.* IV. i. 2.

office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body and to reduce it to harmony." Elsewhere all that is said of remedies for the diseases of the body, is applied to the cure of the soul. So in the plays, not only generally, but in every detail, Bacon is found associating ignorance, a deficiency of the mind, with blindness, a deficiency of the body; want of will to understand, to deafness; want of power to utter or express, to dumbness; lame and halting verses to lame and crippled progress; lethargy of body to lethargy of mind; corporal sleep or death to spiritual. The cures for these diseases or defects are similarly metaphorical, and all in the end traceable to Apollo, Phœbus, the light-giver, the fountain of wisdom and healing.

The classical allusions, as has been said, nearly all find expression and interpretation in Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," that book which so enchanted the boy poet that at eight years old he would steal away from his playmates to read it. Here we are told the story of the Pierides alluded to in line 15 of the Elegy. Nine Thespian maidens so incensed Minerva by setting themselves up as Muses or poetesses, that she turned these foolish maidens into nine magpies, who, no longer able to cheat the world with their false harmonies, flew off chattering to the woods:—

"The same their eloquence as maids or birds,
Now only noise, and nothing then but words."

Ovid is not complimentary to these ladies, but nothing could better illustrate Bacon's fixed idea that the writings which before his day passed for wit and wisdom, were "Words, words, mere words"—*chatter*—and the versifiers "poor poet-apes." According to our Elegy, he took these weak minor poets in hand and "nourished them richly in Art," teaching them how to beautify their own verses. That this was his custom we have abundant evidence, though at this time I cannot stop to produce it.

The Pierian Spring, which belonged to the Muses, had been discovered by Pegasus, the Winged Horse of Poetry—

"Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow
Which broke the surface where the waters flow."

Ovid explains that, nourished by the sacred waters of poetry, the groves, bowers, and smiling plains became lovely with flowers, blooming into

sweetness and beauty. The "Pegasus Arts," then (somewhat obscurely alluded to in line 16), refer to the arts of poetry adorned with all the flowers of speech and learning which Francis Bacon was, as he says, "pricking" or embroidering into the speech, not of England alone, but of the world in general :—

"I taught you language,"

says Prospero, and the saying is true of the greatest of poets, though hitherto his reward has been that given by Calibau.

The key-note, then, of the whole Elegy, and which is returned to at every pause, is this : *No other poet could be compared to Francis of Verulam. Not alone the greatest, he was the only great poet of his age. He taught others ; he taught the Muses themselves.* There is no doubt that they required teaching, and that they were incomplete before his time ; for Ben Jonson's famous saying has always been held good that it was he, Francis of Verulam, "*who filled up all numbers*"—showing plainly that they were not filled up by previous writers. Some numbers were missing which he supplied. When we come to analyse the multitudinous forms of poetry of which he seems to have been the author, we find it to be no flower of speech but a literal fact, that he filled up all numbers, and left nothing to be desired.

A very mixed metaphor in line 16 describes Pegasus as bound by no roots but scattering seeds as, apparently, he flies through the air. This reminds us of a medal struck in Bacon's honour, where we see on the reverse, Aurora, Goddess of the Morning and type of the Renaissance (Bacon's "*New Birth*," or Revival of Learning) with the motto *Non procul Diem*. As Aurora passes over the earth the clouds part, and the sun is seen rising behind her. In many pictures Aurora heralds the day by scattering flowers, as, in the Elegy, Pegasus stays for their rooting. There are "seeds and weak beginnings which time shall bring to ripeness." But they could not so much as grow of themselves, *the poet taught them*. Lest any doubt should remain as to the kind of poetry which he had composed—"teaching the Helicon Muses their growth"—a pun or quibbling allusion is introduced which needs a little explanation to those unfamiliar with the Metamorphoses. Line 17 of the Elegy runs thus :—

"He taught them to grow as the shaft of Quirinus once grew to a bay tree."

Now Quirinus was Romulus, the first inaugurator of arts and sciences in Rome. Romulus was nick-named Quirinus because he cast or threw a spear into the Quirinal, and the etymological meaning of the word Quirinus is, according to German classical philologists, *the Spear-shaker—Shake-speare*. The word Quirinus might, I am told, be rendered "the spearish," "speary," "he of the spear," "the spear-swinging," "spear-caster," but the point of all is the spear, not the swing, the cast, or the shake.

Some critics, I find, are dissatisfied with the quibbling of this incidental allusion to the Spear-shaker, thinking that it could only be accepted as an allusion to Shake-speare if the Elegist had stated as much in plain terms—if, in fact, he had told us in so many words that Bacon wrote Shake-speare. But this method, though simple, would not be Baconian, nor according to *the Method of Delivery both for instruction and concealment* which the concealed poet-philosopher himself recommends as most useful in rude or dangerous times. Not once, but repeatedly, he enforces in various ways the dictum of Polonius that "we must by indirections find directions out." Our ingenious cryptographers are acting upon this hint, and all information about *the private life and secret work* of Francis Bacon seems to be conveyed in a similar manner.

Read in the admirable preface to his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, what Bacon says on this point: "Parables, similes, comparisons serve," he says, "as well to instruct or illustrate as to wrap and envelope. Even in modern times, if any man will let new light in on the understanding and conquer prejudice without raising opposition or disturbance, he must still go on in the same path, and have recourse to the like method of allegory, metaphor, and allusion."

The way in which "the old one of Samos" is dragged in head and shoulders, and without explanation in line 2 seems to be another hint as to the secrecy, the mystery, and the mutual understanding supposed to exist between the writer of the Elegy and his initiated readers. For who was the "old one" or "the old sage of Samos?" and in what respect was he unwise? Why should the death of Francis of Verulam reflect at all upon him? The old man of Samos was Pythagoras, who we read, "appears as the revealer of a mode of life calculated to raise his disciples above the level of mankind, and to

recommend them to the favour of the gods. Having settled at Crotona in Italy, he formed a select brotherhood or club of three hundred, bound by a sort of vow to Pythagoras and each other, for the purpose of cultivating the religious and ascetic observances enjoined by their master, and of studying his religious and philosophical theories. It appears that they had some secret conventional symbols by which members of the fraternity could recognise each other, and they were bound to secrecy." *

Here we see an unexpected confirmation of a theory current with some of us, that Francis Bacon was the true founder of modern Freemasonry. † There is no book containing any detailed account of this brotherhood from "Preston's Illustrations of Masonry" (which seems to be *the first* of such works) without some direct allusions to the similar methods of Pythagoras and the Masonic Brethren. How both were indebted to the learning, mysticism, and symbols of Egypt for their ceremonials, occult language, emblems, and cabalistic signs; both held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, with which the Baconian brotherhood represented the transmitting of Francis Bacon's writings to others who should assimilate them, take them for their own, and so "hand down the lamp of tradition," or cause the soul of the departed poet to pass into some totally different personality—"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird." ‡

But Pythagoras, we are also told both by the historian§ and by the Freemason writers, "paid great attention to arithmetic and its application to weights, measures, and the theory of music," particulars referred to in a distinctly "feigned history," professed to have been copied by the antiquary John Leyland from a document of the time of Henry VI. In this (*as we insist*) fictitious or "feigned" account of the Mystery of Masonry, Pythagoras is introduced as usual under a quibbling name. The original seat of Freemasonry, and the name of the town where it first appeared (or *was to be supposed* to have appeared) in Greece, are also imparted in quibbling terms which have to be elucidated by foot notes in editions of Preston's "Illustrations of Masonry" intended for the initiated Freemason. For instance, it is

* Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. † See "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society," chap. 9, 1892. Sampson Lowe and Co., London; Schulte, Chicago; and BACONIANA. ‡ *Tw. N.* iv. 2, § Smith's Dictionary.

inquired, "How did Masonry begin?" And the answer is returned that it began in the East, coming Westly; a hint, as has been said before, that from the ancient Eastern philosophers came the general principles and mysteries of Masonry. But next, "Who did bring it Westly?" and the reply is "The *Venetians*, who, being great merchants, came first from the East in Venetia," &c. A foot-note here kindly explains that "in the times of monkish ignorance it is no wonder that the *Phœnicians* should be mistaken for the *Venetians*." So *Venetians* were to stand for *Phœnicians*—men of the Phoenix. We cannot forget how many of the plays were founded on Italian or *Venetian* tales; for how many years Anthony Bacon lived there, corresponding with his "deere brother Francis," and probably supplying him with suggestions and plots of plays from the *novelle* which were, we know, supposed to be the sources of many of the Elizabethan dramas.

The interrogator next asks, "How did Masonry come into England?" and is told that Peter Gower, a Grecian, brought it from Egypt and Syria, and that whereas the *Venetians* had planted Masonry in every land, he gained entrance to all the lodges, and returning to Greece, he framed a great lodge at Groton, whence he journeyed into France, and in process of time the art passed into England. To all this information the whisperer at the foot of the page adds much suggestive information.* As *Venetia* is a "mistake" for *Phœnicia*, so *Peter Gower* is another mistake for *Pythagoras*, a mistake easily comprehended by considering the French pronunciation of the name "*Petagore*." The editor "could scarce forbear smiling to find that philosopher had undergone a metempsychosis he never dreamt of," he is (like all proper Freemasons), compassionate for the ignorance and simplicity of this "unlearned clerk." As to Groton, it is explained to be another of these curious "mistakes" for *Crotona*, but as the information is appended that "Groton is the name of a place in England," we are led to think that here is quibbling allusion to something beyond

* See "*Howell's Familiar Letters*." As the present writer believes a *feigned correspondence* chiefly by Anthony and Francis Bacon, in which "*Venetian-glass Houses*," or places for the manufacture of "*crystal glass*" (i.e., for the production of true, pure, poetical literature, and for the revival of learning), are repeatedly shown to be connected with "Capt. FRANCIS BACON" in London, and with Lambeth, Broad-street, Gray's Inn, and VENICE.

our ken, perhaps (see how rash one becomes when bad puns are in question), to Francis Bacon's "full poor *cell*" his *grot*.

Perhaps Ben Jonson's saying that Lord Verulam's language was noble *when he could pass by a jest*, was intended, *sub rosa*, to draw the reader's attention to the ambiguities of speech, the thousands of allusions and double-ententes which are to be found in Baconian writings. These may appear at first sight puerile, and beneath contempt, but I truly assure you that in the strange paths which I have travelled alone such quibbling indirections have often furnished me with directions how to proceed, and find the way out of a labyrinth. To give a few instances from books not "Bacon" or "Shakespeare" of these "ambiguous givings out." In "Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*" is this strange heading to a paragraph—

"De Shakespeare Nostrat:—Augustus in Hat."

The paragraph declares Shakespeare to have had "an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: '*Suflaminandus erat*,' as Augustus said of Haterius." Now I confess that having found Augustus taken as a pattern or model by Francis Bacon, and in some cases seemingly as his type, those words at the beginning of Ben Jonson's paragraph convey to my mind a hint that the observations quoted above apply to "Our Shakespeare:—the August personage in the Hat," as we see him represented in his monumental statue, and in three out of four of his most ordinary portraits.

Then there seems to be another quibble in the title of the Latin Book of Ciphers, "*Gustavi Seleni Cryptographia*," which some suppose written by a man named Gustavus Selenus. But no such person is known, and it appears that the title declares the book to have been written by the "August Man-of-the-Moon," or Moon's-man; a man, that is, of concealment or mystery. Shakespeare readers will call to mind how Falstaff and Prince Hal similarly describe themselves—"Diana's Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon . . . Moon's-men."* If we go a little deeper into these things, we find that the Moon or Crescent was emblem, not of Diana only, but also of

* 1 *Hen. IV. i. 2.*

Minerva, and that both *Diana* and *Minerva* were originally names for the same *Spirit of God* who, in the Mysteries of Egypt, Arabia, India, Judea, and Greece, was symbolised by the Moon in her Crescent. So, from the Moon's-man we get back to *Minerva*, and learn elsewhere in yet another quibble that she was called *Pallas*, because she *vibrates a javelin*, or, in plain words, *shakes a spear*. "These things" as Bacon would say, "are but toys," yet they are suggestive and useful toys.

The Elegy tells us that when the poet's "great heart could no longer endure its fiery contempt of *Minerva's* wisdom," that is of the learning which he found prevailing, he restored her injured but divine honours, and dispelled, like another *Apollo*, the clouds of darkness, mutely endured by ages of purblind sages. With God-like perception he discovered new paths to learning, seizing the clue offered by *Gnossos* (knowledge) and exchanging it for one of his own. The "clue" we need hardly say, was Bacon's own method, for, as he says in the *Preface to the Great Instauration*, "Our steps must be guided (through the wood of errors) by a clue, and the whole way made out on a sure plan."

Further, he persuaded *Pallas* to discard "*her armour of scales*,"* the hard, crusty learning of which he complained as "Words, words, mere words, nothing from the heart," "words, not matter," "Aristotle's checks" to learning, against which he perpetually remonstrated. *Pallas* is now seen approaching, having doffed her harsh exterior, and arrayed in new vestments, the beautiful garments and rich embroideries of his own perfect language. Philosophy, morality, science, dry facts, are all in future to be instilled, not by violence and self-assertion, but in a sweet and attractive form, "a method as wholesome as sweet;" Hamlet says, for "persuasion enters as the sunbeam," and "babes must be taught by gentle means and easy tasks," not whipped and worried into a wordy learning, which when acquired was, as Bacon found, "barren of fruits for the use of man."

In lines 25—28 are allusions to Bacon's "Arts of Navigation." He had, he said, sailed round all the coasts and provinces of learning, and the "*New Atlantis*" describes the discovery of a journey across the ocean to the Island of Atlantis, or as Heyden calls it the Land of the Rosicrucians. The frontispieces of some copies of Bacon's works,

* See the note to line 30, and at the end of the Elegy and its translation.

show his ships and argosies of learning returning full sail through the Pillars of Hercules, those "Hercules Pillars *non ultra*" which he notes in the *Promus*, and elsewhere describes as having been erected by the schoolmen to fix the utmost boundaries of knowledge, but which were no such to him.

The poet is compared in line 25 to Jason, steersman of the Argo, the first sailor who proudly ventured with his ship across the ocean. Other mariners, as Tiphys, had feared to launch out into the deep, and they had ventured but a little way from the shore. This greater navigator was, however, like Tiphys, a star-gazer, and knew the points of the compass. The Latin lines say that he knew Pleiades (the bright ones, tokens of halcyon days) and the Hyades (giving warning of wind and rain). He knew too the Syrtes, those dangerous gulfs with their hidden rocks, shoals and quicksands, and he taught his pilots what to shun and where to steer. For want of such knowledge many a good ship of learning had been wrecked and foundered.

Such figures of speech to express acquaintance with the signs of the times are amongst the most common with Bacon, both in prose and poetry. Neglect of the "land marks" which are to direct the mind, and to train it into a proper method and "course" of education, seems, he says, to be "that hidden rock whereupon this, and so many other barks of knowledge have struck and foundered."* A figure in *Hen. VIII.* recalls the words:—

"Lo where comes that rock that I advise your shunning."†

Shakespeare lovers will call to mind many similar places.

But the poet, the Elegy tells us, "knew too thy dogs, O terrible Scylla," another Ovidian reminiscence which is utilised in the *Wisdom of the Ancients* with regard to keeping the mean. "In matters of the understanding, it requires great skill and a particular felicity to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis. If the ship strikes upon Scylla it is dashed in pieces against the rocks;‡ if upon Charybdis, it is swallowed outright . . . the force of the allegory lies here, that a mean be observed in every doctrine and science and in the rules and axioms thereof, between the Rocks of Distinction and the

* De Aug. VII. i., Spedding, Wks. v. 4. † *Hen. VIII.* iii. 4. ‡ Happiness is seated in the mean—*Mer. Ven.* i. 2.

Whirlpools of Universalities; for these two are the Bane and Shipwreck of fine geniuses and arts."*

But the ship of Francis of Verulam, returned home safely, laden with "Work of the Muses, all perfect, divine," whilst the freights of the other ships were poor, mere "Child-work and mortal."

Our poet is next considered as the soul of the Renaissance, figured by the Phoenix rising from the embers and gazing back upon his dead sire, and old Æson restored to youth† by the efforts of Jason, his son (note again *Jason, the first great navigator*). These figures are called in to aid in recording that Francis Bacon based his New Philosophy, his "*New Birth of Time*," upon the "Wisdom of the Ancients." In no case does he pretend or profess to have invented or originated all that he sets forth. He quotes Solomon's saying that so far as facts go, there is nothing new under the sun. All Knowledge, he says, is but Remembrance. The novelty in his philosophy consisted in his method of imparting and handing down the acquired knowledge, making it ever-green, reproductive, and secure from the ravages of time.

Once more the picture changes, and Francis of Verulam is viewed, not as the poet, but as the sublime theologian and mystic:—

"In his eyes more than mortal effulgence, as he sings of the Mysteries Royal."

There are, says Bacon, *two Books of God*; the Book of the Bible declaring His Will, and the Book of Nature showing forth His Works. Neither book, he adds, can be perfectly understood without some understanding of the other. Therefore, with the "Mysteries Royal" of Religion he couples the study of Natural Philosophy:—

"He sings too of Nature's Commands, of the Secrets of Earth and of Heaven like a King's-council trusted of both."

In the lines which follow he is shown as a moving spirit in the so-called "Counter-Reformation," that movement which had for its object to put an end to the wretched animosities in the two great sections of the Christian Church. These efforts for reconciliation were

* *Wisd. Ants.* xxvii. † *Comp. for the story of Medea and Pilius, Hist. L. and D., Spedding, Works, v. 306.*

aided by Henry VII.,* of whom Bacon wrote a short history. Wise and foreseeing as was Henry VII., we are surprised to find him honoured in the "Elegy" by the title of "King Priest," his religion seeming to have been too self-interested, politic, and temporising to be the offspring of true piety. Moreover, Bacon himself gives to John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the credit which the "Elegy" assigns to Henry. "He (*Morton*) deserveth a most happy memory, in that *he was the principal mean of joining the two roses.*" Nevertheless, the steps taken in the matter must have been taken with the consent and approval of the King. Therefore, says the Elegy of Our Francis:—"He chanted the praises of Henry the King-Priest binding in bands indissoluable, once for ever the Roses."

I need hardly say that the Rose is the most ancient and time-immemorial emblem of an Incarnation, and consequently of the Christian Church. The White Rose seems with Bacon and his friends to have typified the *Reformed*, and the Red Rose the *Roman* section of the Universal or Catholic Church, which it was the aspiration of his whole soul to see bound together in harmony and unity.

The Elegy concludes with an echo to the sentiment contained in many other eulogistic verses which preface the works of the supposed "Authors," whom I believe to be all one, ever the same "Incomparable" person. Several of these were quoted in a collection in BACONIANA† last year; one sample may suffice in this place:—

"Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
 Unless you your own praises do set forth;
 None else can write so skillfully to show
 Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe."

* This has been altered since the paper was read on April 23rd. Mrs. H. Pott formulated the idea that Henri IV. of France, who united the warring churches by issuing the Edict of Nantes, was the monarch to whom the lines allude. It is true that no writings in praise of "the greatest prince ever known to France" are at present attributed to Bacon, but we are only beginning to recognise his works. However, Dr. Cantor explicitly declares this theory to be erroneous. We, therefore, hasten to correct it, not doubting that Dr. Cantor has good grounds for his assertion. † Sept. 1895, pp. 147—151.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN ELEGY ON THE
DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE FRANCIS
OF VERULAM.

1. Since the death of our Hero of Verulam maketh our Muses lament, with moisture bedimming their eyes,
2. We alas, must believe that thereafter no poet can ever rejoice, that the Sage too of Samos was foolish.
3. He we grieve for can never be happy, so long as the Camænæ languish, for he loves himself less than his Muses.
4. The reluctant soul upwards enforced, the imperious Clotho constrained, drawing Heav'nwards his feet to the stars.
5. Believe we, then, Phœbus impotent, that the arts of his healing fell short? have the herbs of Mount Claros lost power?
6. Surely Phœbus was potent as ever, his herbs did not fail in their virtue, neither doubt of his skill nor their worth.
7. But Apollo in fear of his rival, lest the Muses should make him their king, has withholden the hand of his healing.
8. Hence this sorrow. For Verulam's Hero, in other arts greater than Phœbus, yet in this healing art was he less?
9. O Camænæ! ye be but sad phantoms, poor, pallid, and sorrowful shades, fit attendants of Jovis Infernus.
10. If ye breathe still, and mock not mine eyesight, if in sport ye delude not my gaze (though I scarce can believe ye survive him),
11. Should some Orpheus perchance have recalled you again from the shades of the dead, and if this be no failure of vision,
12. You must learn now to chant lamentations with sighing and plentiful tears streaming down, flowing fast from your eyes.
13. Se'st thou not how abundant they flow? Thus I know them true tears of Camænæ. Scarce one Helicon serves to contain them.
14. When Deucalion's flood drowned the world (O wonder!), Parnassus yet sank not, but this deluge of tears may o'erwhelm him.
15. O ye Nymphs of Pierian Springs, ye take life from the one whom we mourn, he hath nourished you richly with art!
16. He perceived how all arts and inventions held fast by no roots, would soon perish, like seed cast abroad on the surface.
17. So he reined in these Pegasus arts, and taught them to grow to a Bay tree, like the shaft that was hurled by Quirinus.
18. Having thus taught the Helicon Muses to grow, and continue increasing, Age on age cannot lessen his glory.

19. His great heart no longer could bear, nor his fiery spirit endure,
such contempt of thy worth, O Minerva!
20. Thy honour he quickly restored with his pen, like another Apollo :
dispelling the clouds that had screened thee.
21. He scattered the mists and the fogs, mutely borne in the ages of
darkness; Generations so pur-blind and dim.
22. His God-like acumen discovered new pathways to Truth, and he
seized Gnosso's clue, giving for it his own.
23. He discerned that Antiquity's Sages, the school-men of old, though
so many, possess'd not his clear seeing eyes.
24. As the beams of the sun in the morning rising up from the
Eastward horizon, he shone as Apollo at noon.
25. The others, like Tiphys, attempted to sail on Atlantis' wide waves,
yet they feared to go far from the shore.
26. But he knew all the mariners' sea-marks, the Pleiades, Hyades,
Syrtes, thy dogs, too, O terrible Scylla.
27. He knew all the dangers to shun, how to navigate safely the ocean,
with the compass' true needle* for guide.
28. The Muses Antiquity fathered were infantile; his were adult.
Those but mortal, his perfect, divine.
29. The "New Birth of Time" † took the palm, no book could compare
with its worth : paltry sophistry falls back ashamed.
30. Newly vested comes Pallas, the Goddess, newly freed from her
armour of scales, as a serpent fresh casting its slough. ‡
31. As from embers arises the Phoenix looking backward upon his
dead sire, as old Aeson regains his spent youth,
32. So old Verulam City, new-born, buds afresh in the green of her
walls, and foresees a return of her glory.
33. What effulgence is seen in his eyes, as though Heaven's beams were
upon him, while he sings of the mysteries celestial!
34. He sings, too, of Nature's Commands, of the Secrets of Earth and
of Heaven, like a King's Council, trusted of both.
35. He chants praises of Henry the King-Priest, uniting for ever the
Roses in bands of alliance perpetual.

* Or "with mariner's compass for guide. If thus, line 26 must be, "But he knew all the sea-marks of ship-men," or "of sailors" (but "*ship-men*" is Baconian). † "The Great Instauration."

‡ Compare *Promus*, 1434. "Barajar" (Spanish—to shuffle).—"Perpetuo juvenis." "Jupiter . . . conferred upon mankind . . . perpetual youth . . . (which was) from men transferred to the race of serpents."—*Wisdom of the Ants.*, xxvi. of *Prometheus*.

36. These themes are too great for our Muses; not only in sorrowing Granta,* but in Court and in Palace they sing them.
37. Yet as Granta gave breast to thy lips, it is just she should chant forth thy praises, extolling her Greatest of Sons.
38. It is right she should try to extinguish the funeral pile with her tears, and to snatch thee from out of the pyre.
39. Our Muses need bring no enconiums, Thyself art the Singer full-toned, Thine own verses suffice for thy glory.
40. But though skillless our art, and if words even fail us to utter due praises, yet our lauds shall be heard in our sorrow.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

PART II.

MONTAIGNE—HIS HEALTH, DISPOSITION, AND TASTES.

THE opinion seems to be growing, that "*Montaigne's Essays*" are the work of Francis Bacon, whose private life, character, and pursuits (especially in particulars which are left blank or slightly touched by his biographers), are revealed in the self-dissecting essays of *Montaigne*. The mere possibility of this being the case invests these Essays with so unexpected an interest to Baconian scholars, that no excuse is offered for resuming the collation commenced in *BACONIANA*, April, 1896. And first, we cannot refrain from inserting a passage taken from Dr. Abbott's Preface to Bacon's Essays, p. xviii., contrasting the self-examination of Bacon, writing *for publication under his own name*, and in his character of Moralist and Philosopher—with the self-examination of "*Montaigne*," according to the present thesis *Bacon still*, but *Bacon the younger*, writing with all the careless *abandon*, the "free and easy," unstudied, but still philosophic insight into human nature, which, in later years, was found characteristic of all his works. The *Montaigne* Essays also exhibit the independence and fearlessness which could be supposed appropriate to a man who attained to "the highest honour of the French noblesse," being Chevalier of the Order

* Granta, the ancient name for Cambridge.

of St. Michael, Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, and Mayor of Bordeaux." Such shoulders were broad enough to sustain any attacks or disparaging criticisms, which might (but were unlikely to) assail the supposed Essayist, and which would without fail have been poured out upon the true author, had he been discovered to be a boy of eighteen or nineteen years of age.

"Bacon's habit of thinking with a pen in his hand, has been kind to us, for it has photographed his portrait for us. Perhaps no man ever made such a confidant of paper as he did. He might have said with Montaigne, *I speak to paper as to the first man I meet*. Not that he ever rambles or chats colloquially or egotistically on paper as Montaigne does: the difference between the two is striking. Montaigne lets us into all his foibles; Bacon either describes his character as a Prophet of Science, or suppresses the description on second thoughts, with a *de nobis ipsis silemus*. 'My thoughts,' says the genial Rambler, 'slip from me* with as little care as they are worth; but the philosopher has no thoughts of small worth.'†

In these words Dr. Abbott aptly hits off the *contrasts* between the photographed portraits—he omits the *resemblances*. It is true that Montaigne "chats colloquially" and says all that comes into his mind; Bacon in his authentic Essays does not chat; "when he *could* pass by a jest," his style was as weighty and dignified as could be desired by the most precise master of language; but it was an effort to him to pass by a jest, and the two groups of Essays may perhaps be correctly described as the *natural First thoughts* and the *studied Second thoughts*; the first suppressing nothing to the writer's discredit, the second suppressing all that did not concern his character as Philosopher and Student of Human Nature, "cunning in the humours of persons."

The question of health of body seems to have a remarkable relation to the faculties and dispositions of the mind of man; we begin then with an enquiry into the general bodily condition of Montaigne in youth and age; and here we find some contrariety, for although he several times describes himself as having enjoyed good health in his youth, yet

* Comp.: "The word came but as a slip . . . this word comes not by slip" (*Sp. of the Marches*). "By his pen, not by the slip of his tongue" (*Charge against St. John*).

† Bacon's Essays, edited by Dr. Abbott. Preface, p. xviii.

other remarks point to delicacy, and to repeated attacks of illness consequent upon an over sensitive and highly strung temperament, and he confesses to a nervous dread of illness, which makes him fear and continually prepare for the approach of death.

"These so frequent and common examples passing every day before our eyes, how is it possible a man should disengage himself from the thought of death, or avoid fancying that it has us, every moment, by the throat? What matter is it, you will say, which way it comes to pass, provided a man does not terrify himself with the expectation? * For my part, I am this mind, and if a man could by any means avoid it, though by *creeping under a calf's skin*, I am one that should not be ashamed of the shift."†

Does not this remind us of Trinculo, in whose speech the great poet may perchance have satirised his own cowardice or fear of death? "Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to *creep under his gaberdine*: there is no other shelter hereabout. . . . Is the storm overblown? I hid myself under the *dead moon-calf's gaberdine* for fear," &c.‡

But, continues *Montaigne*, "I am in my own nature not melancholic, but meditative; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal than imaginations of death, even in the most wanton time of my life, in the company of ladies, and at games . . . full of idle fancies of love and 'jollity' *Yam fuerit nec post unquam revocare licebit.*"§ Yet did not this thought wrinkle my forehead any more than any other || . . . such imaginations at last become so familiar¶ as to be no trouble at all. Yet in his later Essays *Montaigne* admits that this nervous disposition was a great disadvantage to him, and one against which he struggled if he would keep his mind evenly balanced.

"I do not feel myself strong enough to sustain the force of this passion of fear, or of any other vehement passion whatsoever: if I were once conquered and beaten down by it, I should never rise again sound. Whoever should make my soul lose her footing would never set her up

* Many references have been cut from this Essay, since for the most part they are found included in the Essay of Death—BACONIANA. † Ess. I., i., 81.

‡ (Temp. ii. 2). § Lucretius iii. 928. || Comp.: *Gratiano* in *Mer. Ven.* i. 1, 80, &c. ¶ "Thou know'st 'tis common, &c. (*Ham.* i. 2).

again: she retastes and researches herself too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and would never let the wound she had received heal and cicatrise. It has been well for me that no sickness has yet discomposed her; at every charge made upon me, I preserve my utmost opposition and defence; by which means the first that should rout me would keep me from rallying again.”*

In spite of this constitutional nervousness, *Montaigne* was no coward. He distinguishes between cowardice and weakness of courage, the one being an imperfection of mind, and the other a frailty of the body,† arguing much with himself upon his impatience with pain, which is, he believes, “rather the imagination of death that makes us impatient of it, and doubly grievous, and doubly grievous as it threatens us with death.”‡ He seems again to consent with Isabel in *Measure for Measure* that the sense of death is most in apprehension. He never was afraid upon the water, or in any other peril, so as to lose his presence of mind: “Fear springs as much from want of judgment as from want of courage. All the dangers I have been in I have looked at without winking; and, indeed, a man must have courage to fear.”§ “The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents.”||

Montaigne speaks of some ailments from which he evidently at times suffered, and of others to which he was always subject. “All ills,” he says, “that carry no other danger with them but simply the evils themselves, we treat as things of no danger. The toothache and the gout, painful as they are, yet not being reputed mortal, who reckons them in the catalogue of diseases?”¶ Yet we are sure that he could sympathise with “a philosopher who would cry for the toothache”*** as well as with “one that’s sick o’ the gout,” for not only did he find it hard to suffer pain patiently, but “I am one of those who are most sensible of the power of imagination: every one is jostled with it, but some are overthrown by it. It has a very piercing impression upon me; and I make it my business to avoid wanting force to resist it. I could live by the sole help of healthful and jolly company: the very sight of another’s pain materially pains me, and I often usurp the sensation of another person. A perpetual cough in another tickles my

* iii., 152. † i., 60. ‡ ib. 324. § iii., 150, 151. || i., 69.

¶ ib. 324. ** *M. A. do.* iii. 2. v. 1.

lungs and throat. . . . I take possession of the disease I am concerned at, and take it to myself."*

"*Fortis imaginatio generat casum*," quotes the Essayist. "A strong event begets the event itself," and any one who will read Bacon's experiments on the Imagination and other impressions† will not fail to see that he, like *Montaigne*, conceived that "a man constantly and strongly believing that *such a thing shall be* . . . it doth help to the effecting the thing itself."‡

It seems probable that the constitutional nervousness and oversensitiveness which *Montaigne's* father perceived in his little son was one reason why, being of opinion that it troubles and disturbs the brains of children to snatch them suddenly from sleep, "wherein they are more profoundly involved than we" (later in life *Montaigne* verified this last remark by being a very bad sleeper, easily kept awake if once he began to think and reason with himself), "he caused me," says the Essayist, "to be wakened by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided with a musician for that purpose. By this," he wisely remarks, "you may judge of the rest;"§ and, indeed, we need no interpreter to expound the loving, sympathetic tenderness with which the sagacious and discerning father watched over his gifted boy—at five years old a Latin scholar; at seven, a budding poet; and with so great a taste for books that he would steal from all other diversions to read the fables of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and had "soon run through Virgil's *Æneid*, and then Terence, and then Plautus, and then some Italian comedies, allured by the sweetness of the subject." But we defer for the present an inquiry into the studies, learning, and opinions of *Michel de Montaigne*, merely inserting in connection with the method of his education one highly pregnant passage.

Speaking of the complaints that he heard of himself that he was *idle, cold* in friendship and relationship, and in the offices of the public too particular, too disdainful, he says that, if he were good at setting out his own actions, he could very well "repel these reproaches, and could give some to understand, that *they are not so much offended that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do*. Yet, for all this heavy disposition of mine, my mind, when retired

* i. 97. † *Sylva Sylvarum*, x. 930—950, &c. ‡ *Comp.: Macb.* iii. 1; iii. 4; i. 5; iv. 1, &c. § i. 211—212.

into itself, was not altogether without strong movements, solid and clear judgments about those objects it could comprehend, and could also without *any helps digest them*.^{*} But, amongst other things, I do really believe, it had been totally impossible to have made it to submit by violence and force. Shall I here acquaint you with one faculty of my youth? *I had great assurance of countenance, and flexibility of voice and gesture, in applying myself to any part I intended to act. I had just entered on my twelfth year.*† *I played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret . . . and I was looked upon as one of the best actors.*‡

He then gives his reasons for approving of this exercise, especially in young people of condition; "it was even allowed to persons of quality to make a profession of it in Greece." It is interesting to compare the full expression of *Montaigne's* opinion on this subject with that of Bacon on "Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world."§

As we read the *Essays*, the contrarieties and opposite accounts given by *Montaigne* of himself strike us more and more. Here his friends, or his internal monitor, complain of his "coldness," his "pride," his contempt for the opinions of others, his idleness and want of interest. At other times he censures himself for "excess of sprightliness," fiery zeal, wrath, impatience, too great confidence in his own judgment and powers. But then, again, we find him easily disheartened, easily cheered. "Good fortune is to me a singular spur to modesty and moderation: an entreaty wins, a threat checks me; favour makes me bend, fear stiffens me." We see in all this the mixture of shy modesty with an inward conviction of great powers, which at all times impress us in studying the life and character of Francis Bacon, and concerning which, in his *Promus*, we find him making notes of recordation,—against entertaining and against rejecting conceit of difficulties, impossibilities, and imaginations; in favour of zeal, good affection, and alacrity; and against haste and impatience, which he found to be his "stay."||

* Comp.: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested" (*Ess. of Studying*) and the paraphrase on the delivery of Aphorisms—*digested* into a method (*Adv. L. ii. 1* and *De Aug. vi. 2*, and *Ess. of Dispatch*). † *Virgil, Bucol. 39.* ‡ *Mont., Ess. i. 214, 215.* § *De Aug. ii., chap. xiii.* || See *Promus*, 1234, 1238, 1242, 1247.

Montaigne is full aware of these "contraries of good and evil" residing within himself. "If," says he, "I speak variously of myself, it is because I consider myself variously; all the contrarieties are there to be found in one corner or another, after one fashion or another: bashful and insolent; chaste, lustful; prating, silent; laborious, delicate; ingenious, heavy; melancholic, pleasant; lying, true; knowing, ignorant; liberal, covetous, and prodigal. I find all this in myself more or less, according as I turn myself about. . . . I have nothing to say of myself entirely, simply, and solidly, without mixture and confusion, '*Distinguo*' is the universal member of my logic. Though I always intend to speak well of good things, and rather to interpret such things as fall out in the best sense than otherwise, yet such is the strangeness of our condition that we often are pushed on to do well even by vice itself, if well-doing were not judged by the intention only."*

Some things, however, are evident: that, to whatever he may have been "pushed" by the force of circumstances, he was by nature "superstitiously afraid of giving offences";† that he suffered under a "foolish bashfulness,"‡ which occasioned in him a painful constraint§ which "stiffened" him, and made him retire into himself,|| and caused him to be very "nice" as to the man with whom he consorted, feeling "unfit" for common society, or for the "enslaving" ceremonies of Court life.¶

"I have lived in good company enough to know the formalities of our own nation, and am able to give lessons in them."** "I am naturally no enemy to Court life; I have therein passed a good part of my own, and am of a humour cheerfully to frequent great company, provided it be at intervals, and at my own time;"†† but he more readily throws himself into affairs of state and the world *when he is alone*. In the bustle of the Court he *folds himself within his own skin*. "The crowd thrusts me upon myself . . . our follies do not make me laugh, but our wisdom does." For the rest, he had a great esteem for wits, provided the person was not exceptionable,‡‡ and folly only vexes him because it is so satisfied with itself.§§ "I content myself with

* Vol. ii. 7. † iii. 106. ‡ *Ib.* § i. 17. || iii. 215. ¶ Vol. iii. 43.

** i. 57. Comp. "Ess. of Ceremonies and Respects," &c. (*Bacon*). †† iii. 48.

‡‡ *Ib.* 52; *Ib.* 205. §§ iii. 222.

enjoying the world without bustle; only to live an excusable life, and such as may neither be a burden to myself nor to any other.”*

He envies those who can be friends with inferiors, and dislikes the advice of Plato that men should always speak in a magisterial tone to their servants. His natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay him open. “I am born for society and friendship. The solitude that I love myself, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other than to withdraw my thoughts and affections into myself . . . avoiding servitude and obligation, and not so much the crowd of men as of business. Local solitude rather gives me more room, and sets me more at large.”

With the Duke in *Twelfth Night* (i. 4), he could say:—

“I myself am best when least in company.”

and with Benvolio—

“I, measuring his affections by my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,”†

and the object of this withdrawal of his affections into himself is to restrain not his steps; but his cares and desires, resigning all needless solicitude, servitude, and obligation, which he peculiarly dislikes; thinking nothing so dear as that which has been given to him, because *his will lies at pawn under the title of gratitude*; he would rather give money than himself.‡ He would almost rather give than restore, and lend than pay, and “in true friendship, *wherein I am perfect*, I more give myself to my friend than endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleased in doing him service than if he conferred a benefit upon me, but, moreover, had rather he should do himself good than me, and he most obliges me when he does so.”§

One characteristic which connects itself with his fear of giving offence is his “gentle and easy manners, enemies of all sourness and harshness,” and which, if they have not made him beloved, have never given occasion to make men dislike him.|| He can see good in men as well as in things, evil. “I am not guilty of the common error of judging another by myself. I easily believe in another’s humour which is contrary to my own; and though I find myself engaged to one certain form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do, but believe and appre-

* *Ib.* 44, 45. † *iii.* 47. ‡ *Ib.* 242, 243. § *iii.* 256. || *Ib.* 43.

hend a thousand ways of living, and, contrary to most men, more easily admit of difference than uniformity amongst us. . . . I very much desire that we may be judged every man by himself, and would not be drawn into the consequence of common examples.”*

The many pages on the subjects of “Profit and Honesty” and “Of Liars” possess great interest for those who think to perceive under the robe of *Montaigne* the form of Bacon. If during the whole of his life he had to be acting a part, figuring as lawyer, courtier, statesman, positions all of which he was by his own written word *least fitted* to fill; if, on the other hand, he was forced by his own circumstances, and by the condition of the times, to conceal his great aims, to pass his work into the world under all manner of other names, to organise a secret society, and secret methods of communication and writing for this same one purpose of creating a revival and advancement of learning, and of benefitting the whole human race throughout the future ages—if he had to do all this, *and we know that he did it*, then, indeed, we have good cause to fear that he must often have had much ado to make those fine distinctions between “simulation and dissimulation,” between “directions and indirections,” “untruth and lies,” craft and trickery, which so much engage the attention of both Essayists, or of *the Essayist*, as you will. It is, therefore, most comfortable to find that Bacon and *Montaigne* do not puzzle or confuse us by doubtful utterances on these subjects. Perhaps we may be allowed space in a future number to collate their opinions, and to show them identical on all sides of the knotty question, “What is Truth?” and for the present it may content our reader to turn to the end of Bacon’s first Essay “Of Truth,” wherein he quotes himself (or *Montaigne*) to show the utter baseness and wickedness of falsehood. *Montaigne* hates lying, says nothing to one party that he may not, upon occasion, say to another with a very little alteration of accent. “I cannot permit myself for any consideration to tell a lie. . . . My natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in sight, born for society and friendship. . . . The men whose society I covet are sincere and able men; and the image of these makes me disrelish the rest. . . . The end of this commerce is . . . the exercise of souls, without other fruit. In

* i. 283.

our discourse, all subjects are alike to me; let there be neither weight nor depth, 'tis all one: there is yet grace and pertinency; all there is tinted with a mature and constant judgment and mixed with goodness, freedom, gaiety, and friendship. . . . It is so great a pain to me to dissemble, that I evade the trust of another's secrets, wanting the courage to disavow my knowledge. I can keep silent; but deny I cannot without the greatest trouble and violence to myself imaginable. To be very secret, a man must be so by nature, not by obligation."*

One passage seems to show *Montaigne* as a "*concealed man*:" "I care not so much what I am in the opinion of others, as what I am in my own; I would be rich of myself, and not by borrowing. . . . It should seem that *to be known is in some sort to have a man's life and its duration in others' keeping*. I, for my part hold, that I am not but in myself, and of that other life of mine which lies in the knowledge of my friends, to consider it naked and simple in itself, I know very well that I am sensible of no fruit nor enjoyment from it, but by the vanity of a fantastic opinion."†

This passage would incline one to believe that the author did *not* desire to be known; but here is another:—"I am greedy of making myself known, and I care not to how many, provided it be truly; or to say better, I hunger for nothing, but I mortally hate to be mistaken by those who come to learn my name. He who does all things for honour and glory, what can he think to gain by showing himself to the world in a vizor, and by concealing his true being from the people?" Was *Montaigne* then under a vizor? or was someone else, as under a vizor, accurately describing himself so that the true writer and his character could be truly known to those who came to learn his true name?

The whole chapter is interesting if regarded as conveying *hints* of concealed facts. It is entitled "Of NAMES," and begins: "What variety of herbs are shuffled together under one name of a sallet. In like manner, under the consideration of names, I will make a hodge-podge of divers articles. Every nation has certain names, that I know not why, are taken in no good sense, as with us *John*, *William*, *Benedict*. In the genealogy of princes also, there seem to be certain names fatally affected, as . . . the *Williams* of our ancient aquitaine . . . 'Tis worthy to be recorded that . . . Henry Duke of Normandy

* See iii. 7. 47. 78, † Vol. ii. 400—402.

making a great feast . . . when the concourse for sport's sake divided into troops according to their names, in the first troop, which consisted of Williams, were found 110 Knights sitting at the table of that name, without reckoning gentlemen and servants. . . . Let us pry a little narrowly, and examine wherein do we place this renown that we hunt after? It is in the end *Peter* or *William* that carries it. . . . And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a sound when all is done? or three or four dashes with a pen, so easy to be varied that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the glory of so many victories, to Guesclin, to Glesquin, or to Guaquin? and yet there would be something of greater moment in the case than in Lucian that Sigma should serve Tau with a process."

We wonder if others will be struck like ourselves with the prominence given to the names of William, John (or Jacques) and Peter or Pierre, remembering that some have traced the Plœbian name Shakspeare to the old Christian names Jaques-Pierre? But what's in a name? Our author felt that works or men should equally be able to stand upon their own merits, and that the author true to himself should disregard malicious criticism which yet he confesses is a pain to him. He allows few things to possess him wholly, and endeavours ever to keep the mean between two extremes. "When I am angry, my anger is very sharp, but withal short, and as private as I can. I lose myself in promptness and violence, but not in trouble; so that I throw out all sorts of injurious words at random, and commonly make use of no other weapon but my tongue."* As for revenge, he can only discern it by its symptoms in others, "I have no manner of experience of it."† He finds that "one nail drives out another." Being once deeply wounded with displeasure against a friend, he contrived "by art and study" and assisted by his youth "to become amorous." "Love relieved and rescued me from the evil wherein friendship had engaged me." The course of true love never did run smooth, and this he has proved in his own person. "The conversation of beautiful and well-bred women is for me a sweet commerce . . . but 'tis a commerce wherein a man must stand upon his guard, *especially those of warm temperament, such as mine.* I there scalded myself in my youth and suffered all the torments that poets say are to befall those who

* ii. 520. † iii. 71, 290.

precipitate themselves into love without order and judgment. It is true that the whipping has made me wiser since." He seems elsewhere to forget that he has said this, and declares that being of a soft and heavy complexion he has kept pretty clear of these vehement agitations, which he considers to be very deleterious to the judgment, and the products of idleness in the hearts of young men.

Whether or not consequently upon the "scalding and the whipping," he turns by his own account from "the excess of sprightliness" to "the excess of severity, and fearing next to suffer this extreme he purposely lets himself run a little into disorder, and occupies his mind sometimes with youthful and wanton thoughts to divert it, lest it should become too severe. Evidently he succeeded, and in spite of many bodily ailments, including a weak digestion, which obliged him continually to consider his diet, the gout from which he suffered much, and the still more agonising malady which subjected him to cruel miseries,* in spite of the sickness which spoilt the pleasure of his travels by coach or litter, and the worse sea-sickness which afflicted him in the journeying abroad in which he so delighted, in spite of the poverty which he dreaded but had to suffer, of the public life which he hated, and which his pensiveness and bashfulness alike drove him to recoil from, but in which nevertheless he had to pass a great part of his life; in spite of all this he remains cheerful, sanguine, and witty to the last. Loving the society of "gay and civil wisdom" he flies all froward and dismal, melancholy spirits, and "shuns crabbed men as he would shun the plague."†

From some things he has a strong aversion, from the physic administered in his day, which he loathes, and in which he has no faith whatever,‡ to the wearing on his legs of anything but silk stockings,§ and to babies,|| concerning which he says:—

"I for my part, have a strange disgust for those propensions that are started in us without mediation and direction of the judgment. . . . I cannot entertain that passion of dandling and caressing infants scarcely born, having as yet neither motion of soul nor shape of body distinguishable, by which they can render themselves amiable, and have not willingly suffered them to be nursed near me."¶

* iii. 67. † *Ib.* 153. ‡ *Ib.* 309. § i. 141; ii. 580. || "The infant mewling and puking in its mother's arms" (*As You Like It*, ii. 7). ¶ ii. 72

THE WORKS OF MR. W. F. C. WIGSTON, AND MR. E. BORMANN'S "SHAKESPEARE'S SECRET."

WE are requested by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston to publish the following notes concerning the collation of his own works with the book entitled "Shakespeare's Secret," published by Mr. E. Bormann, Leipzig, and of some pamphlets entitled, "New Discoveries," more recently published by the same author. These works were noticed in *BACONIANA* (Nov., 1894, Feb., 1895, and Nov., 1895) as "valuable," "an excellent resumé," "a very useful book," "an excellent compilation;" yet regrets were expressed that they contained "so little recognition of the sources from which information is drawn." Now, when the larger work has been translated into English and published in England, still without any substantial acknowledgment of debts to other authors for any of the "original discoveries," the author chiefly concerned in the most erudite of these discoveries feels it due to himself to let Baconian readers, and the public in general, see and judge for themselves the manner in which the labours of *years of original research, the essence of his own studies*, as well as of others less remarkable and peculiar, are summed up in this book of "Shakespeare's Secret." The editors of this magazine feel it to be mere justice, and indeed incumbent upon them, to publish the notes furnished by Mr. Wigston, although owing to the limited space at their disposal, these notes have had to be considerably curtailed and compressed.

Mr. Wigston is the author of the following works on Baconian subjects :—

(1.) "*A New Study of Shakespeare: An inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the Classic Drama and the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries.*" Pub. Trübner and Co., 1884. 1 vol. 8vo.

(2.) "*Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians.*" 1 vol., 8vo. Pub. G. Redway. 1888. This work includes chapters on *The Tempest* and Virgil's Mysteries, on *The Winter's Tale*, Strife and Friendship, "The History of the Sympathy and Antipathy of Things," The Duality of "*Shakespeare's*" Art, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, The Doctrine of

Idealism, The Dual Unity of Hermia and Helena, *Hamlet*, The Play an Anticipation of Mind and History, The *Sonnets*, Parallels between *Shakespeare* and Bacon, &c.

(3.) "*Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet, and Philosopher.*" Pub. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Trübner. 1890. 1 vol., 8vo. Here are chapters on the History of Henry VII: (as a missing link in the series of plays and a cipher connection between this History and the 1623 Folio), of Bacon's Essays applied to the Plays, of the World as a Theatre, "The Georgics of the Mind," Antitheta, *Hamlet*, &c.

(4.) "*Hermes Stella, or Jottings of Notes upon the Bacon Cipher.*" Pub. George Redway. 1820. 1 vol., 8vo. An appeal for the re-examination of Mr. Donnelly's claim to the discovery of a secret cipher in "*Shakespeare*," with additional evidence.

(5.) "*The Columbus of Literature, or Bacon's New World of Sciences.*" Printed and pub. F. J. Schulte and Co., Chicago, 1892. Republished London, 1892. In that same year copies of this work were sent to several important literary centres in Germany for sale and for criticism. Some of Mr. Wigston's earlier works, as "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet," &c., 1890, having been sent for sale and distribution to booksellers at Leipzig (where Mr. Bormann is also a bookseller and publisher), in 1891.

Now the reader may note that the interpretation of *Measure for Measure*, as a parabolic problem play, made by Mr. Wigston in "The Columbus of Literature" (chap. xi. 185) is peculiar and original, assigning a generic or collective symbolism to the interpretation of *Angelo* as a type of man, the fallen angel. *Angelo* falls into the very temptation which he had been appointed, as Vice-Regent to the absent Duke, to set down. Two quotations are given from the play to illustrate these points:—

"Twice treble shame to Angelo
To weed my vice, and let his grow.

Oh what may man within him hide,
Though *Angel* on the outward side!"—*M. M.*

In illustrating the subject from the Baconian side, Mr. Wigston quotes from the *De Augmentis* a passage which Mr. Bormann also cites and in like manner, and readers are requested to note that, inde-

pends of an identity in subject matters, upon a somewhat recondite and rare problem, there are *three separate quotations given by Mr. Wigston which are repeated by Mr. Bormann.*

The following is the passage from "*The Shakespeare Secret*" (page 156), commencing with the quotation from the *De Augmentis* above alluded to :—

"The more should learned men be ashamed, if in knowledge they be as *the winged angels*, but in their desires as crawling serpents."

"The hero of the comedy of *Measure for Measure* is just such an angel, both in character and in name. The wise and universally esteemed *Angelo* (the Italian form of the word angel) is the deputy of the Duke. He exercises the law against the passion of love with the greatest rigour, and secretly falls himself a victim to this passion. The closing words of Act iii. contain the essence of the whole drama. They are the more prominent, inasmuch as they are written in terse and rhymed verse. The good Regent, so it runs, shall serve as a model, and in all things give Measure for Measure :—

"Twice treble shame to Angelo
To weed my vice and let his grow.
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !"

Upon this same page 156 of the *Shakespeare Secret* is this quotation from the *De Augmentis* :—

"Reason and will, says Bacon in the beginning of the fifth book of the Encyclopædia, are like twin sisters, and the closest friendship subsists between truth and goodness."

This forms the text for an entire chapter in "The Columbus of Literature," devoted to the interpretation of the symbolism of the *Comedy of Errors* ; and though Mr. Bormann has not enlarged upon this text, yet on the very next page (157) are extracts which suggest that this play was in his mind.

But to turn to a still more striking coincidence of words and matter. Chapter vi., section 3, of *Shakespeare's Secret*, sets forth that "*The moral of the Shakespeare's Tragedies corresponds with Bacon's ethics, as practice does with theory.*"

"*The seventh book of De Aug. deals with morals (ethics). The third chapter thereof is devoted to the cultivation of the soul (cultura animi) "* (p. 175).

This subject constitutes the staple argument of an entire chapter (v. p. 99) in "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet," &c., entitled, "Bacon's Georgics of the Mind" * and it is just this application of ethics to the interpretation of the plays, which has been considered the most valuable of Mr. Wigston's discoveries. He points out in the same chapter, the view of *Sin as a Disease* which is common to *Macbeth* and to the philosophy of Bacon. Mr. Bormann repeats this, and concludes (section 3 of chap. vi.) with these words :—

"Truly, if the world of to-day should demand of me an introduction to the Shakespeare tragedies, I should be compelled to reply, It is already written, the most glorious introduction imaginable. Only read *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, Lib. vii., cap. iii." †

In "Francis Bacon, Poet," &c., Mr. Wigston remarks that to sceptics of the Bacon theory it will be startling to find Bacon terming his ethics *Georgics of the Mind*, in exactly the same sense as in the plays; the treatment of virtue and vice being compared to agriculture, tillage, soil-culture. A passage is given from *Othello* where Iago expresses this, and describes our bodies as gardens to be manured and cultivated by industry, whilst the weeds are eradicated. In the same and following chapters, Mr. Wigston notes that Bacon considers virtue and vice to be more or less the result of *Custom*, and a collation of Mr. Bormann's remarks on these very same subjects cannot fail to bring to notice the strange parallelism of treatment, and the identity of the quotations used in illustration. For example, in *The Shakespeare Secret* (p. 81) we read :—

"For we can almost change the stamp of nature."

"Here we find almost in one breath, and throughout, in the sense of the *Culture of the Soul*, the employment of the words virtue, custom, habit, sense; all these in the form of a reproof. We thus see that in the tragedies, and that continually, the passions are also regarded as diseases."

With regard to disease as a type of sin, Bacon tells us that the remedies belong to Divinity, but that the best doctors of this knowledge are the poets, and he adds the passage quoted not only in

* As has been stated, this book was on its publication, in 1891, sent to several centres in Germany, particularly to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Dresden, and Leipzig.

† "Shakespeare's Secret," p. 184.

"Francis Bacon, Poet," &c.,* but repeated in the Latin text in "The Columbus of Literature." The passage is as follows (the whole is too long to print here, but it will be found in the "Shakespeare Secret," p. 179):—

"But to speak the real truth, the poets and writers of history are the best doctors of this knowledge, where we may find painted forth with great life and dissected, how affections are kindled and excited, and how pacified and restrained."

But we turn to another topic. Mr. Bormann, in chap. vii., follows *verbatim* chap. i. of "Francis Bacon, Poet," &c., upon the subject of Bacon's "History of King Henry VII." Mr. Wigston maintained that there is a missing link in the orderly succession of the Chronicle Plays, between the plays of *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* That missing link is the reign of King Henry VII., who united the Roses in his marriage. Bacon selects this very link for the subject of an elaborate history—the only complete history which he ever wrote (or, rather, *acknowledged*), and it was suggested that this history was written with the view of proving the Baconian authorship of the Historical Plays. That just as the play of *Richard III.* concludes with allusions to Henry's piety (in his prayer before the battle of Bosworth), so Bacon also touches upon this point, with other minute parallels in his History. Mr. Wigston points out the probability that Bacon may have made this *History Henry VII.* a vehicle for cipher, introducing into the text all sorts of allusions to the theatre, with stage terms in connection with the impostors, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck.

Mr. Bormann thus heads his Chapter VII. :—

"The Gap in the Historical Dramas."

The chapter begins with what may fairly be termed a paraphrase of Mr. Wigston's argument in Chap. I. of "Francis Bacon." In Section 3 we read of "*the theatrical allusions*" in the *History of Henry VII.*, and the original text is expanded with the addition of the following quotation given in the "Columbus of Literature":—

"And because he is a great prince, if you have any good poet here, he can help him with parallels to write his life."

* See pp. 106—113, and 231

Thus the reader must perceive that Mr. Bormann's study of Book VII. of the *De Augmentis* is followed up by the chapter on the *History of King Henry VII.*, with its theatrical allusions and parallels to the play of *Richard III.*, these two subjects—(1) of Bacon's ethics as *Georgics* in the text of the plays ; (2) The prose *History of Henry VII.* as a missing link—being themes which form the heart and essence of Mr. Wigston's work, "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet, and Philosopher." The importance of this subject of ethics may be conceived when we understand the "*Instauration*" to be a great system of inductive logic applied to parabolic problem plays, with the end of interpreting ethic in conformity with agriculture. The *Cultura Animi*, or culture of the soul, is one of the *deficients* noted in his "New World of Sciences," and we may be pretty sure that if this particular deficient applies to the plays, all others will be found to have their respective places in the scheme—*Ex uno omnes disce*.

Another "coincidence."—In comparing the silence of Cordelia with the protestations of her sisters, Regan and Goneril, Mr. Wigston points out in "Francis Bacon," that one of the *Antitheta Rerum*, or counter-points of things, declares : "*Silence is a candidate for truth.*" This text is discoursed upon in "Shakespeare's Secret," pp. 100, 101.

"What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent;"

and Mr. Bormann illustrates the text by aid of the Proverbs of Solomon, this application of the Proverbs to *King Lear* being apparently suggested by Mr. Wigston's observations upon Bacon's fondness for "the Preacher," not only on account of his Proverbs (of which thirty-four are introduced into the *De Aug.*, with notes thereon), but also in regard to Solomon's natural history, which Bacon imitated.

"If all sciences were lost, they might be found in Virgil." This is an important statement by Bacon, whom we have already found borrowing from Virgil the title of "*Georgics*," and it proves Bacon to have been a profound student of the poets, in spite of the general opinion that he was merely a dry-as-dust philosopher. Mr. Wigston comments upon Bacon's remark in chap. i. of "The Columbus," and Mr. Bormann echoes him in "Shakespeare's Secret" (chap. xi. 325).

In "Francis Bacon" (chap. iii., p. 58) is a collection of parallel passages, and amongst the rest some from the *Essay of Usury*. The author

points out that Bacon writes in the essay: "Usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize," and that *the orange-tawny bonnet being compulsory for Jews at Venice*, this remark may be meant as a hint for Shylock.

Mr. Bormann repeats the quotation from the essay, with this comment: "Shylock is a Jew, and for this reason probably wore orange-coloured head-gear" ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 159).

Mr. Bormann's "discovery" that parts iv., v., and vi. of the "Instauration" correspond to the comedies, histories, and tragedies, is a theory suggested in a chapter upon Bacon in "The New Study of Shakespeare" (1884) and in "Hermes Stella" (1889), and all the theories and "discoveries" on pp. 263—266 of the "Shakespeare's Secret" have been presented before. Mr. Bormann descants particularly upon this passage:—

"But I mean actually types and models, by which the entire process of the mind, and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set, as it were, before the eyes. For I remember that in the mathematics it is easy to follow the demonstration when you have a machine beside you."*

Upon this passage our author dwells: "The fourth part (of the 'Instauration') presents," he says, "the scientific facts to our sight with types, in exactly the same manner as the drawings and models of a mathematician . . . present things . . . it is parabolic dramatic poesy. The fourth part of the 'Instauration of Sciences' is, in short, that which is contained in the dramas of William Shakespeare."

"The total result of this present work, stated shortly, therefore, runs as follows: Francis Bacon's great 'Instauration of Sciences' is composed of *two halves*. He wrote the first half in form of scientific prose, and under his own name; he wrote the other, the parabolic half . . . under the pseudonym of William Shakespeare. This is the solution of the 'Shakespeare Secret'" (see *Ib.*, p. 266).

This theory of the application of one half of the "Instauration" in the shape of interpretation (called *the Intellectual Globe*) to the other half, in the shape of play systems (*the Visible Globe*) is enunciated in "The Columbus of Literature" (chap. viii., p. 155) in a description

* "Shakespeare's Secret," p. 263.

of the frontispiece engravings to the *Advancement of Learning* (1640). It is there suggested that one half of the six parts of the "Instauration" is represented by three volumes under each of the plinths, corresponding to the Masonic Pillars of Solomon, with the sun and moon respectively placed above each; and that these two halves answer to the visible and invisible globes seen above them, as the spiritual to the material, as mind to matter. The same theory is cursorily suggested in the "New Study of Shakespeare," and distinctly enunciated in "Hermes Stella" (chap. iv., on "The 1640 *Advancement of Learning*").

On page 56 of his work Mr. Bormann introduces an episode from Tacitus, which was quoted in "Francis Bacon" as a parallel for the actor's art, presented by the funeral oration of Antony over the body of Julius Cæsar. Briefly it is the history of an actor, Vibulenus, who served in the Pannonian Legion, and who stirred up a revolt against Blæsus by accusing the prefect of having murdered his brother.

Upon that same page 56 we read: "At the end of Book II. (*De Aug.*) we find the three fables of Pan, Perseus, and Dionysius, and then there are those words with which Bacon breaks off: '*Verum in theatro nimis diu moramur*' ('But we stay too long in the theatre')." "

In "Francis Bacon" and in the "Columbus" (&c.) this very same quotation is adduced to show, as Bacon did, that Dionysius or Bacchus (in the fable of whom the sentence occurs) was the patron god of the theatre, and to hint (in a classic garb, and of course under a parable) at the parabolic nature of his own stage plays, reflected in the *Wisdom of the Ancients*.

Upon page 71 Mr. Bormann cites the *Sylva Sylvarum* (Experiment 771) concerning the visit of Cæsar to the tomb of Alexander the Great. This collates with the lines from *Hamlet*:—

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!"

This parallel is, in like manner, presented in "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians" (xiii. 240), and briefly alluded to in "Francis Bacon."

Upon page 83 Mr. Bormann serves up Bacon's "*New World of*

Sciences or Desiderata," which forms the subject of chap. vii. in "The Columbus of Literature," and also the sub-title of the work. This constitutes the most important of Mr. Wigston's theories, for he suggests that this deficiencies represent the Intellectual Globe, or New World of inductive discovery of Bacon's "Instauration," the dramas answering to the Old World.

Again ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 186), we read: "This climbing ivy of a Plantagenet ought to kill the real tree himself. The parallel hereto is found in the *Tempest*." Both of these are given in the "Columbus."

And, once more, there is in the "Shakespeare Secret" (chap. viii., sect. ii., pp. 247—255) a discussion upon "Ben Jonson's Discoveries," which reproduces most of the quotations and arguments in the chapter entitled "Ben Jonson's Discoveries," in "The Columbus of Literature."

If it were worth while, and space allowed, this list might be largely increased. There are many excerpts introduced in the "Shakespeare Secret" upon subjects which have been already done to death by previous writers. Notably is this the case in the long dissertation upon the flower-gathering scene in the *Winter's Tale*, where Perdita is instructed by Polisenes as to the identity of Art with Nature. These parallels have been all pointed out by Mrs. Henry Pott, and it would be easy to show many more such unacknowledged borrowings.

In a final chapter some general reference is made to a few works (*none to Mr. Wigston's*), but only one excerpt is acknowledged. This is the Essex episode. It seems as if this exception were made in order to give us to understand that all the rest are more or less original.

This is not a review, but a record of Mr. Wigston's claims and just rights as an original author. We may, however, request the discerning reader to observe for himself the contrast between these portions, *marked as borrowed*, and those other portions which we gladly concede are the "original" composition of Mr. Bormann himself. See, for instance, of Horatio (pp. 27, 91), of the Graves-tyring room, and Graves Inn (p. 243), of Falstaff (p. 153, 173). So infectious is this style that the translator aids and abets it. See of the "Gammon of Bacon and Charing Cross" (p. 236). But these things are really unimportant and trivial. The point which concerns Mr. Wigston and his readers is the silence of Mr. Bormann as to any debts which,

as a supposed original author, he has incurred. In "A Final Word," he says:—

"For many important features (for instance, the Essex episode) the present author admits his indebtedness to the earlier investigators; he claims only to have given the form thereto most suited to this book. On the other hand, *highly important points have been noticed by nobody but himself—i.e., the number of euphonious verses in the prose of Henry VII.; the quantity of references to theatricals in the same work.* To the thousands of individual facts which others had previously found out *he has discovered and added hundreds, nay, thousands of others, which are often of equal value, and frequently more applicable*" ("Shakespeare's Secret," p. 269).

So far, so good; but how is Mr. Bormann's reading public—how are Germans in particular, unacquainted with the literature of the subject—to discriminate between what belongs to the earlier investigators, and what to the author of "Shakespeare's Secret"? When we find that the author from whom he has borrowed most is never once mentioned, and that his five works are all omitted from the list of authors referred to, an uncomfortable suspicion creeps over us, which deepens into the conclusion that this silence cannot have been the result of mere accident. To sum up the "Shakespeare Secret" is to sum up the erudite studies and labours of years. We are glad that the uninformed and unstudious "general reader" should have the results of such labours put into his hands in a compendious and easily readable form. Had the immense debts owed to previous writers (the true students and discoverers) been openly declared by the writer of the "Shakespeare Secret," Mr. Wigston would have had nothing to complain of, and he would have rejoiced that the essence, at least, of studies which have occupied the best years of his life, should at length have received open recognition, and have brought forth fruits, as Bacon would say, "for the use of man." As things are, Mr. Wigston leaves it to intelligent readers, and "to the future ages," to decide who was the original "discoverer" of, and the first to announce the literary facts, which have, for the most part, been for years laid before the members of the Bacon Society, and which have now appeared so compactly arranged in "Shakespeare's Secret."

SHAKE-SPEARE'S MISTRESS UNVEILED.

SPEAKING of Shakspere's mistress, Prof. Dowden, L.L.D., says, "She was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced," etc.; "to her fascination Shakspere yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakspere's friend, and won him," etc. And Chamber's Encyclopædia of English Literature, says, "When we find him (Shakspere) excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a married woman—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspere."

The author of Shakspere (whoever that may be) tells us, over and over again, that the aforesaid, "dark, pale, false, married female," was the most perfect paragon of beauty, love, and truth, that the world has ever seen."

"Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words."

"Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one."—*Sonnet 105.*

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest:
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest."—*Sonnet 18.*

"'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom."—*Sonnet 55.*

"Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?"—*Sonnet 17.*

"And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new."—*Sonnet 15.*

Now who is to be believed, the author or his critics? For my part I believe there is abundant evidence to prove, that this he, she, or it, as the author variously calls this "master mistress of his passion," is but a mere poetical type and figure of the "better part of himself," or his fame—the fame of these poetical works, which he prizes more than all

the world besides; and yet, for good and sufficient reasons, transfers to Shakspeare. But not for all time, only till this incomparable young lady—this “giant’s youngest sister”—this “Goddess Fame”—this “Time’s best jewel”—this “Greatest birth of time”—this “all the better part of me”—“o’er-greens my bad, my good allows.” (*Son.* 112).

And “Till the world, on better judgment making, has learned to read what silent love hath writ;” and

“Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter’d loving,
To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not shew my head where thou may’st prove me.”
—*Sonnet* 26.

“So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lover’s eyes.”—*Sonnet* 55.

“So thy great gift, upon misprisioning,
Come, home again, on better judgment making.”
—*Sonnet* 87.

That which all posterity has to learn—if the author himself be not mistaken—is that the author of Shakspeare was not “an untutor’d youth, unlearned in the world’s false subtleties;” but that he “had taken all knowledge to be his province,” and was the world’s greatest philosopher as well as poet; England’s greatest glory, and Shakspeare’s “origin and ender,” as we are told in “A Lover’s Complaint” (verse 32):—

“Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender.”

And that he was the one who (Jonson tells us) “had done that in our tongue, which might be preferred to anything from insolent Greece, or haughty Rome;” and was the one that Jonson also tells us Shakspeare, or our country, “had to shew, to whom all scenes of Europe homage owe;” “He was not of an age, but for all time; and all the muses there were in their prime,” etc., etc.

Jonson loved Shakspeare on this side idolatry as much as any, but the author of Shakspeare he loved more than any, on the other side idolatry, for he says of him, *not* "Poor poet ape, that would be thought our chief," etc; but the following:—

"And you are he: the deity
To whom all lovers are designed,
That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I;
Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine;
Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want."

Now can anyone imagine Jonson willingly, and cheerfully, holding the candle, or playing second fiddle, in poetry, to more than one person of the "Eliza and our James" period? And need there be the slightest doubt as to who that person was?

But to return to this wondrous deity,

"To whom all lovers are designed,
That would their better objects find."

who says in *Sonnet* 84:—

"Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew."

He then goes on to instruct whosoever shall first discover the nature of his mistress only to copy what in her is writ:—

"Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he who writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ."—*Sonnet* 84.

Now what I maintain is, that our scholars are mistaken on this subject, as they were on the subject of Astronomy a little while ago: and there is in the *Sonnets* and "A Lover's Complaint" and the works

of Ben Jonson, abundant evidence to clear up the mystery attending the life of Shakspeare, which made Charles Dickens "tremble every day lest something should come up."

"The life of Shakspeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up," says Charles Dickens.

"Call noble Shakspeare then for wine,
And let thy books with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head
And think, nay know thy origin 's not dead
He leaped the present age,
Possessed with holy rage
To see that bright eternal day:
Of which we priests and poets say,
Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
And there he lives with memory and Ben.

M. A. GOODWIN.

AN HEIR TO THE THRONE.

AS Queen Elizabeth was the last English prince of the Tudor line, so her grandfather Henry the Seventh was the first. Under her father, Henry the Eighth, the Reformation began in England. As she was the last of this line of princes, and had formed a fixed determination against marriage, and caused strict laws to be passed forbidding discourse touching the same, the question as to her successor became a matter of the deepest concern to the English people, and keenly so prior to the death of the Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, as she, upon Elizabeth's death, would have succeeded to the English throne, and thus a restoration of the ancient faith.

We have claimed that this fear for the Reformed Faith found expression in many a so-called Shakespeare Sonnet in our book, "The Defoe Period Unmasked," where those Sonnets are new mapped and called into various relations, and which chiefly concern :

1. The fact that they are products of some covert pen.
2. Love for new and unfolding methods in philosophy ; to wit, the great Instauration and its tables. "Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain" (Sonnet 122).

3. The author's haste in his work.

4. A political repulse and the royal will, the Will of the Queen. (Sonnets 135, 136 and 143.)

5. A desire, through Elizabeth, for a Protestant heir to the throne of England.

6. Under King James, the downing of their author, the then chief pillar of Protestantism in Europe.

7. The living of "a second life on second head," as stated in Sonnet 68, and hence two literary periods.

From among the Sonnets collated under our 5th subdivision, wherein Elizabeth's marriage is covertly urged, we quote for consideration in this paper Sonnet 14, and which is designed to show the effect to "truth," or, as we say, the Reformed Faith, in case she should leave no issue.

To her in this Sonnet Bacon prognosticates thus:—

"Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in Heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive;
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert;
Or else of thee this I prognostigate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

We quote this Sonnet, not merely because it is a good leader to the thoughts advanced, but because it permits us to call its words, "astronomy" "fortune—tell," "prognosticate," and "Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck," into direct relation with the same words by Bacon concerning the marriage of another prince, to wit: Elizabeth's uncle, Prince Arthur, to Catherine of Arragon, where he says:—

"In all of the devices and conceits of the triumphs of this marriage, there was a great deal of ASTRONOMY; the lady being resembled to

Hesperus and the Prince to Arcturus ; and the old King Alphonsus [that was the greatest astronomer of kings and was ancestor to the lady] was brought in to be the FORTUNE TELLER of the match. And whoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical ; but you may be sure that King Arthur the Briton, and the descent of Lady Catherine from the house of Lancaster, was in no wise forgotten. But as it should seem, IT IS NOT GOOD TO FETCH FORTUNE FROM THE STARS ; for this young prince [that drew upon him at that time, not only the hopes and affections of his country, but the eye and the expectations of foreigners] after a few months, in the beginning of April, deceased at Ludlow castle, where he was sent to keep his residence and court as Prince of Wales."

We have distinguished the words in the forgoing quotation which we would have the reader linger upon, and call carefully into relation with the Sonnet under review, and we thus leave him to his inferences, as to its probable authorship, in the light of what follows.

Touching its prognostication, should the Prince leave no "store," or issue, we from Bacon's "Observations on a Libel" concerning Elizabeth in 1592 quote thus:—

"In the third branch of the miseries of England he taketh upon himself to play the prophet, as he hath in all the rest played the poet; and will needs divine or prognosticate the great troubles whereto this realm shall fall after her Majesty's times, as if he that hath so singular a gift in lying of the present time and times past, had never the less an extraordinary grace in telling truth of the time to come, or, as if the effect of the Pope's curses of England was upon better advice adjourned to those days. It is true, it would be misery enough for this realm [whensoever it shall be] to lose such a sovereign, but for the rest we must repose ourselves upon the good pleasure of God. See this paper, Bacon's Letters, Vol. 1, 170. And see his essay entitled "Of Prophecies."

But what evidences have we that Lord Bacon ever wrote Sonnets concerning Queen Elizabeth? Let the reader here turn to Bacon's letters by Spedding, vol. 1, page 388, and read the admirable Sonnet concerning her in a device or mask prepared by him to be played before her in 1595. And in his "Apology Concerning the Earl of Essex" he says:—

"And as sometimes it cometh to pass that men's inclinations are opened more in a toy than in a serious matter, a little before that time, being about the middle of Michaelmas term, her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twickenham Park, at which time I had [though I profess not to be a poet] prepared a Sonnet directly tending to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my lord, which I remember, also, I showed a great person, and one of my lord's nearest friends, who commended it."

We have here then, confessedly, at least two Sonnets prepared by Bacon concerning Elizabeth. Note that he does not in this quotation say that he is not a poet, but only that he does not profess to be one.

Was Bacon a concealed poet?

In 1603 he ends a letter to the poet Sir John Davis in these words: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue your very assured, Fr. Bacon." (Bacon's Letters, vol. 3, page 65.)

Mr. Spedding in a footnote to this letter says: "The allusion to concealed poets I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."

Bacon's reasons for concealment will be found when the aims of his "New Atlantis" shall become fully known. It is more than likely that Davis was one of its "Merchants of Light."

Having premised thus much concerning the Sonnet under review, let us return to its interpretation. That its fortune telling or prediction concerns a prince may be seen in its words, "Or say with princes if it shall go well."

There is here an attempt to foretell two unhappy events in case the prince shall leave no issue, the first of which applies to "truth," as we say, the Reformed Faith, and the second to the loss absolute of her "beauty"—her objective selfhood—she not leaving herself, for want of issue, living in posterity. That this last thought is the correct interpretation, as to the word "beauty" used in this Sonnet, may be seen by reference to Sonnets 2, 4, 7, and 13. And please see Sonnets from 1 to 18 inclusive, which all concern Queen Elizabeth, and our 5th subdivision of those hitherto considered enigmatic writings, known as the Shakespeare Sonnets. Sonnet 13 ends with, "You had a father:

let your son say so." This is, we think, a direct allusion to her father Henry the Eighth. Touching the fact of her determination not to marry, see Sonnets 4, 6, 10, and 11.

In Sonnets 15, 16, and 17 he tells her that he will, by his pen, do what he can to engraft her new, as time takes from her, but still says that issue is the "mightier way." See what he says of her beauty, Bacon's letters, vol. 1, page 138. That a public successor is sought, and not a private person meant, in these Sonnets, see Sonnet 2 and 9. In Sonnet 2 we have :—

"How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer: 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine."

Returning to the word "truth," as a subject for thought, in the Sonnet under review, let it be called into relation with Bacon's use of that word as found in our second quotation from him. To what, please, does the word "truth" allude in this Sonnet if not to the subject already suggested?

Touching a necessity for the secret urging of marriage in these Sonnets, we quote Bacon thus :—

"For Queen Elizabeth, being a princess of extreme caution, and yet one that loved admiration above safety, and knowing the declaration of a successor might in point of safety be disputable, but in point of admiration and respect assuredly to her disadvantage, had from the beginning set it down for a maxim of estate to impose a silence touching succession. Neither was it only reserved as a secret of estate, but restrained by severe laws, that no man should presume to give opinion, or maintain argument touching the same; so, though the evidence of right drew all the subjects of the land to think one thing; yet the fear of danger of law made no man privy to another's thought." (Bacon's literary works vol. 1, page 277).

The word "store" used in this Sonnet was ever Bacon's word to denote the product of some kind of increase, and we say that it here alludes to issue by the Queen.

Touching its word "prognosticate" and the words "Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality," see Bacon's "Natural History" and particularly sub. 675, 736, and 817 to 824. In his "History of the

Winds" he of prognostics says: "From the power of the winds, let the investigation pass to the prognostics of the winds, not only for the use of predictions, but because they lead us to the causes; for prognostics do either show us the preparations of things before they be brought into action, or the beginnings before they appear to the sense."

Note the word "predict" in the Sonnet under review.

Touching its words "and yet, methinks, I have astronomy," see Bacon's grasp upon astronomy in ch. 4 of book 3 of his "*De Augmentis*." But where shall we turn for a like grasp by Shakespeare?

Bacon here as to the words "Not from the stars," etc., says: "There is no fatal necessity in the stars; and this the more prudent astrologers have constantly allowed."

The Baconian scope and vocabulary noted in this article is spread into every phase of the Shakespeare literature. While Bacon was unable to conceal his vocabulary and vast range of knowledge, he was still able as in his Shakespeare to throw his composition into almost any form. Here as in all else, he brayed language as in a mortar, and made it into a new paste. The plays—his great volume on metaphysics—are said to have added some six thousand words to the mother tongue. While his "*New Atlantis*" is the only narrational piece of composition, now attributed to him, and his "*Holy War*" the only piece in which he has handled a subject dialogue-wise, yet note his consummate skill therein. And note generally his tentative literary methods, "*D.P. unmasked*," page 188.

These brief openings to investigation we conclude by quoting the words of Locke to those deep plunged Shakesperian critics, who pronounce, but investigate not: "To prejudge other men's notions before we have looked into them, is not to show their darkness, but to put out our own eyes."

J. E. ROE.

Livonia, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1896.

“LINKS IN THE CHAIN.”

PART V.

FURTHER EXAMPLES OF REMARKABLE BOYS—OF VERSES ON
PORTRAITS AND MONUMENTS OF WIT—ART, WISDOM, ETC.,
DIED WITH THE AUTHOR—THE CELERITY WITH WHICH HE
WROTE.

WE have been reminded that in enumerating the youthful geniuses of Bacon's time, we omitted to mention in Link No. 1, *Pedro Calderon de la Barca*, born 1600. He is said to have been only fourteen years of age when he composed his early poems, but his “Autos” were much later, and he continued to produce these, we truly believe, until he was eighty.

With regard to the *Verses on Portraits*, which form the subject of Links No. 2, Part III., we now give the lines written beneath a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, which has the forehead and side-long look of Francis, and which is dated 1655:—

“This Picture represented to thine eye,
Doth represent the comelic gravitie
Of *Wilson's* countenance, but oh ! his worth
What pen besides his owne can set it forth ?
I'll cease ; here's but the shadow of his face,
His workes do show his learning, vertue, grace.”

The verses to the reader in the *Shakespeare* folio of 1623 we supposed too well known for their reproduction to be needful. Since, however, they have been asked for we print them here, and hope that readers will carefully compare them with the collection published in *BACONIANA*, September, 1895, Links, Part III.:—

“This figure that thou seest here put,
It was for gentle *Shakespeare* cut :
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature to outdoo the life :
O could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But as he cannot, reader looke,
Not on his picture but his booke.”—*B.I.*

A few more examples have been furnished on the same theme.

*A Funeral Sacrifice to the Sacred Memory of his thrice Honoured
Father, Ben Jonson.*

"I cannot grave nor carve ; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name shall live
In tombs and brass, until the stones, or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust."
—*Shakerley Marmion.*

To Ben Jonson.

"Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends, their Pyramids prepare,
And take thou, Ben, from verse a second breath,
Which shall create thee new, and conquer death."
—*Sir Thos. Hawkins.*

"Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
So'er thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb . . .
And when more spreading titles are forgot
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth rot ;
Thou wrap't and shrin'd in thine own sheets will lie,
A relic fam'd by all posteritie."—*Henry King.*

To Ben Jonson.

". . . 'Tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
JONSON ! that's weight enough to crown thy stone
And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
Under the heavy load ! A name shall stand
Fix'd to thy tomb, till death's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave at the great funeral."—*R. Bridecake.*

We pass on to Link 7, Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, alike fade at the death of the author.

Of Bacon.

"He . . . filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view and within his time were all the wits born, that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward : so that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."—*B. Jonson. Discoveries.*

Of Shakespeare.

"Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence *chide or cheer the drooping stage,*
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

—*B. Jonson. Underwood's, xii.*

Of Ben Jonson.

"Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast
Like curing gold, *most valued now thour't lost!* . . .
Then shall we see that these two names are one
JONSON and POETRY *which now are gone."*

Elegy upon Ben Jonson.

"Now thou art dead . . .
. . . Fame with thyself is gone . . .
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil not find it due."—*Jo. Rutter.*

To the Memory of the Immortal Ben.

"Yet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
*Make up the gem in the point vertical! **
And now since Jonson's gone, we well may say
The stage hath seen her glory and decay," &c.

—*Owen Feltham.*

To Dr. John Donne.

"Can we not force from widow'd poetry
Now thou art dead (great Donne) *one Elegy* . . .
Have we no voice, no tune? *Durst thou dispense*
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth . . . The fire . . .
Which kindled first but the Promethean breath
Glow'd here awhile, *lies quencht now in thy death."*

—*Elegy, Thomas Cary.*

Link 8. The author's "speed," "celerity," and "facility" in writing.

Of Bacon.

"With what sufficiency he wrote let the world judge; *with what celerity he wrote them, I can the best testify.*"—*Dr. Rawley's Life of Bacon.*

Of Cowley.

"His fancy flowed with great speed, and therefore it was very fortunate for him that his judgment was equal to manage it."

—*Cowley's Life and Works*, 1669.

Of Gasper Barthius.

"He had a marvellous facility in making verses, &c. . . . Wrote 278 Hexameters in two days, and translated the first three books of the Iliad, with more than 2,000 verses, in three days."

—*Bayle's Dictionary*.

Of Molière (Poquelin).

"He had an incredible facility in making verses."—*Ib.*

Montaigne of Himself.

"I always write my letters post-haste . . . precipitately. . . . I can find none other able to follow me. . . . I fall to without precipitation or design; the first word begets the second, and so on to the end of the chapter."—*Mont. Ess.* i. 313.

D U C D A M E .

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been expended in endeavouring to explain the meaning of this word, which is used by *Jacques* in "As You Like It" (II. v. 51) in the following passage:—

"If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

"*Ami.* What's that Ducdàme?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle."

Sir Thomas Hanmer suggested that for *ducdàme* we should read *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me*; and someone else has suggested *Huc ad me*. The latest conjecture is that the word is of Gaelic origin.

I venture to think that these learned suggestions are all beside the mark, and that we should read *Dictynna* for *Ducdame*. And for this reason : In "Love's Labour's Lost" (IV. ii. 35) we have the following passage :—

"Dull. You two book-men : Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks
old yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull, Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon."

Stevens remarks that Shakespeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana in the Second Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

"*Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."

It also occurs in the first Satire of Marston, 1598, and in the 9th *Thebaid* of Statius, 632.

Dictynna, then, stands for a title, or "invocation to Phœbe, or to Luna, or to the moon"; and is "a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle."

"Fools" are often described as "moon-struck" or "moon-calves." Therefore,

"If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
A moon-calf, a moon-calf, a moon-calf;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to Ami."

And so also :

"Dull. What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old yet ?

Hol. *A moon-struck ass, Dull; a moon-struck ass, Dull.*"

A polite and subtle way of calling him, and Amiel in the other passage, a dolt or fool.

I offer this suggestion with all diffidence ; but it appears to me to be more reasonable than any other reading I have met with.

HARRY S. CALDECOTT.

Johannesburg. 4th Feb., 1896.

A DISCOVERY AS TO "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

A DISCOVERY which I have made concerning this play will be of interest, I think, to all students of the so-called Shakespeare plays, no matter what their opinions may be as to the authorship of them.

Love's Labour's Lost, described as "revised and augmented," was first printed in quarto in the year 1598 for Cuthbert Burby, and it is an acknowledged fact, that the play was reprinted in the folio of 1623 from the quarto edition of 1598 with all the various errors of the press reproduced which appeared in that publication.

But when did it first appear on the stage? Coleridge was of the opinion that it was the earliest dramatic effort of the writer, and his opinion has been generally adopted by the commentators.

I am enabled to fix a precise time when it appeared upon the stage. It was acted, according to Henslowe—a very reliable authority—on the second day of November, 1597, at "my housse," by which Henslowe probably meant the Rose Theatre, and it was played by "my lord Admerals and my lord of Pembrockes men."

Among the plays specified in his diary by this ignorant man was one which he entitles on page 240, "Burone;" and on page 241, "Berowne;" on page 91, "Burbon;" and on page 276, "Borbonne." The entry on page 241 is as follows: "Lay'd owt at the apoyntmente of the Companye, to macke a scafowld and bare for the playe of Berowne and Carpenters, wages XIII^s."

Collier in his third note on page 240 of the diary of Philip Henslowe, mentions a suggestion in the history of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage that "Berowne" might refer to Chapman's "Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy," printed in 1608, and dismisses the suggestion as questionable on account of the difference in dates. What the play called "Berowne" was, has hitherto puzzled all students and editors.

An examination of the original printed play of *Love's Labour's Lost* will clear up the mystery. "Berowne," was the Biron of the present editions of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Verplanck, in his second note to this Comedy says, "Biron is in all the old editions printed 'Berowne,' which Rowe altered to Biron. The verse shows that it is not a mis-

print, but the pronunciation of the poet himself and his times. It is to be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable."

Henslowe was in the habit of murdering the King's English in giving the titles of plays in his diary; and very often he would use the name of a principal character to designate a play.

Berowne and the other names above set out were undoubtedly used by him to designate *Love's Labour's Lost*. The entry at page 276, shows that the play belonged, among others, to the Stock of the Company, having been bought after March 3rd, 1598.

The play therefore belonged to the theatrical company.

JOHN H. STOTSENBERG.

"THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE."

PART II.

FOLLOWING up the inquiry, now of such immense importance—*"Did Francis Bacon fill up all numbers?"*—was he indeed that greatest of poets whom Ben Jonson declared him to be?—we append another small collection of passages which connect themselves kindly with those printed under the present title in *BACONIANA* for January, 1896.

Some of the following Extracts are from "authors," whose works have not yet come under public examination; but their value and significance is none the less, and observing readers are requested to add to their number.

"He swelling in their humbleness like a bubble blown up with a small breath."—*Arc.* ii. 130.

"Happy Ladon . . . an imperfect mirror of all perfection (sees himself reflected in the bubbles of the water). Each of those bubbles setting forth the miniature of his face."—*Ib.* 138.

"The light-blown bubble vanished for ever, emblem of joys that fade and melt away."—*Palinode. England's Helicon.*

"The rose, the shine, the bubble and the show of praise, pomp, glory, joy."—*Ib.*

"What a bubble man builds his state, fame, life on."—*Bussy d'Ambois* v. 1.

"Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble? . . . Worth, without which greatness is a shade, a bubble."—Part II., *Bussy d'Ambois* i. 1.

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying" boldly begins with a quotation from the epigram which Francis Bacon translated from the Greek:—

"*A man is a bubble*, said the Greek proverb, which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose, saying, All the world is a storm,* and men rise up in their several generations like bubbles descending *à jove pluvio* . . . from nature and providence: and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, . . . having had no other business in the world but to be born that we may be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless, and uneasy, and, being crushed with a great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible that it should be *more a nothing* than it was before. So is every man, . . . like morning mushrooms, . . . turning into dust and forgetfulness. . . . But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, . . . then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, . . . and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm; . . . and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, . . . to preserve him from *rushing into nothing*, and at first to draw him up *from nothing*, were equally the issues of an Almighty power. And, therefore, the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls man a *leaf*, the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived unsteady plant. Pindar calls him *the dream of a shadow*. Another, *the dream of the shadow of smoak*. But St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, *Our life is but a vapour*—viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence, made of smoak, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind. . . . But it is lighter yet. It is but an appearing, a phantastic vapour, nothing real; it is not so much as a mist, . . . for which

* Compare "All the world's a stage," &c.

you cannot have a word that can signifie a verier nothing.”—*Holy Dying* i. 1.

Observe in the concluding words of this passage, and in the general tone of the whole, a reflection of the dismal cogitations of Macbeth on the brevity and vanity of life, the dustiness and oblivion of death. Man as *a walking shadow*, and his life a tale full of wind and froth, sound and fury, “*signifying nothing*.”

Such uses of the word *nothing* continually recur in the Plays, and often bring with them the same train of ideas, as in an example quoted in the first paper on “Bubbles,” from *Troilus and Cressida*, of “mighty states grated to *dusty nothing*.” Such expressions recall the brief note in Bacon’s *Promus*, 323 :—“That is iust nothing.” When the youthful poet-philosopher wrote down those two words was he already reflecting upon the “vanity of vanities,” the “brief candle” so soon to be “out,” the “bubble reputation” so easily shattered, the “dust and forgetfulness,” which should make all human efforts which are not directed to the glory of God “just nothing ?”

C. M. P.

SHAKESPEARE AND VIRGIL.

IN *King Lear* i. 4, we have the following passage :—

“What’s lighter than the mind ? A thought.
 Than thought ?
 This bubble world. What’s lighter than this bubble ?
 Nought.”

This passage was evidently suggested by the lines quoted in the *Returne from Parnassus* II. v. 1 :—

“*Gull.* True it is that Virgill saithe,
 Quid pluma levius ? Flamen. Quid
 flamine ? Veritus.
 Quid vento ? *Mulier.* Quid muliere ?
 Nihil.”

H. S. C.

NOTE.

THE key to Mr. Millet's "Concealed Statement" in his article on Dr. Orville Owen's Cipher, *BACONIANA*, April 1896, pp. 92—101 :—

"In the writer's opinion it would have been better for Dr. Owen, the discoverer of the cipher, to have made public his cipher method at the start, and thus have forestalled criticism. Assuming that Dr. Owen could (as he, of course, stoutly maintains) prove the existence of his method to any impartial mind beyond a doubt, he would have run a great risk—that of having some other decipherer, by using the disclosed method, bring out rival books. He should, however, have taken it. Most people disbelieve in Dr. Owen's method so thoroughly as to give their words and manners every appearance of personality, but many thoughtful readers will be more fairminded."
